# *American Women Missionaries and Pioneers Collection*

## *Part 1: Missionaries*

# The Irene Forsythe Hanson Papers, 1921-1980

## *Series I*

Correspondence
(Incoming and outgoing intermixed)

### *Folder Description:*

Form letters describing Hanson's missionary work and life experience in China,
1926–June 1930

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Peiping
Winter 1926
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# CHINESE NEW YEAR CUSTOMS

We are just in the midst of one of the most interesting yet most solemnizing timesof the Chinese year. It is Chinese New Year - a time of great festivity and rejoicing, a time for cessation of labor as shops are closed from one to fifteen days, a time for settlement of debts, a time for calling on friends, but,most important of all, a time for the yearly sacrifices and religious ceremonies in the homes and in the temples. To us it is a time of broadening our vision of the great need of these people for Christ Himself and rededication of all we are to his service to represent Him to them for whom He died.

The following description of customs does not claim to be complete. Nor will one find everyone carrying out all the customs mentioned here. In different parts of this great land there are variations of customs. Moreover by some these practices are carried out with full superstitious belief, by others thoughtlessly, and by other folks just by way of honoring old customs although they may not hold the superstitions.

On the twenty-third we noticed a new kind of candy for sale on every street corner - white oblong bars and round balls and were told it was sold only at this time and was used in the ceremonies of the twentyfourth, the time of the Kitchen God's ascent to heaven to report to the Pearly Emperor on the conduct of the family during the past year. Some have a picture of this god, others a wooden idol. Some of this candy or, in Anhwei, molasses is put on the god's lips and the image is then burned. The candy is to insure a good report of the family at the emperors throne. Many firecrackers were shot off that evening but my teacher said it was not in connection with the god's ascent. On that day and the thirtieth all houses are swept and cleaned, "for during the first three days of the New Year none may sweep a house,lest a mite of happiness,fallen on the floor should accidentally be cast out."

Now comes New Year's eve. We cannot see inside the homes so I can only tell you what I have read of the inside festivals. I have asked my room-boy and he says these are true. Dore tells that New Year's eve five days'supply of water is drawn;when"all kangs and jars are filled a few sticks of incense are burned beside the well: a motto written on red paper isnfrequently posted on the stone which covers the mouth of the well! I some places a bamboo sieve is placed at the mouth of the well to let"the genius of water pass in and out at will. When the well is reopened incense and candles,cakes and dainties are offered to the genius of the well. In the home there is a solemn banquet after which the elders give small sums of money to the children - this gift is to protect them from death during the year.

When all preparations have been made for the opening of the New Year every family pastes slips of red paper,on which are black characters, slantwise across the inside of the two leaves of the door."On one is this motto:'may great happiness attend the closing of the door,' and on the other' Let great prosperity attend the opening of the door." Nobody may open the door before New Year has dawned; to do so would entail great misfortune to the family,and all happiness expected would thereby escape. Also the girls are not allowed to go out for five days because there are so many devils out which might harm them. I saw many out however, so this may not be strictly kept. Besides these inside mottoes similar ones are put on the outside of the gate. They are in the form of long narrow strips on each side and one across the top, on which are written the sayings of Confucius, moral

platitudes. A scholar may write his own New Year's wish. Besides this we see hanging from the top of the outer gate fiverred paper streamers in which are cut the character for happiness. These are to strain the spirits which enter and only admit the spirits of happiness.

In the north the Kitchen God is supposed to return from heaven on New Year's eve and therefore at that time every family purchases a new picture of the god and pastes it over the fireplace. It appears that in some parts this return is supposed to take place on the fourth day of the New Year and is accorded great ceremony and worship.

Another ceremony of New Years eve is that of rubbing the mouths of the children. It is importan t at this time that none of the family utter inauspicious words. As children act thoughtlessly and utter inconsiderate words, they might easily bring evil,misery and misfortune upon all the family. To avoid this, children under fifteen are summoned before their parents who rub their mouths with paper money. This will ensure that each word spoken next day will be auspicious and augur prosperity and happiness for the family. In the south, but not in Peking, old shoes when taken off on New Year Year's eve are placed with soles upward to prevent the god of Epidemi ics and plagues from putting in them the germs of fatal diseases.

Shortly after midnight the head of the house opens the door From midnight until dawn occur certain acts of worship. First the representation of the god of poverty is taken out and burned. Then a picture of the god of wealth is set up and honored. There is the worship of Heaven and Earth and of the Kitchen God marked by the burning of paper imitation money and exploding of firecrackers. Then may occur the prostrations before the favorite gods of the household and before the tablets of deceased ancestors.

In the morning they worship at local temples. We went outside Chia Hua Men (one of the eastern gates of Peking) to the Tung Yue Temple and saw just throngs of people. All was very orderly and quiet. The temple grounds consist of two squares surrounded by shrines containing various idols and withaa large central shrine between.Before each shrine was a great tripod filled with partly burned incense sticks. As we entered we saw, perhaps a hundred yards from the cenral idol, an old lady who,helped by her son, was slowly approaching it by prostrations and kotows every three steps.It was truly pitiful. Somehow it seemed unreal and impossible that that hideous idol was receiving such earnest devotion. How our hearts ached for her! Others were bowing on each step leading to the shrine. Here while holding burning incense sticks they either bowed three times or Kneeling prostrated three times before the idol, then left the burning incense sticks in the tripod and proceeded to the next idol. In one place we saw a bronze horse and by it a painted wooden one. People rubbed these in order to be cured of their diseases. The method is to rub the affected part of the body and the corresponding part of the horse.

In the crowds we saw many who seemed to be idly watching, others most earnest and devout. I presume many younger ones perform these acts as a mere part of New Year custom apart from real religious belief, others to pleasenparents - for in places there seemed to be families together. But whatever the meaning and motive,the lack of a real knowledge of Christ was most evident and we came away with heavy hearts. I don't know whether it could have been permitted or not but surely that would have been a splendid opportunity to preach Christ. But we couldn't witness that without a new vision of our re-

sponsibility. Had Christians, all these years since Christ's command to go was given, been faithful those dear devout souls would have known. This day truly gave a new impression of heathen idolatry. But then whatever in our own hearts is held more precious than Christ Himself is as tryly an idol to us. Samuel says the sin of stubbornness is as idolatry. How few of us can stand before God in any self-righteousness. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." And we can only stand before God through faith in Christ our Substitute.

After the worship at the temples the men start out to make New Year calls. For it is an imperative social duty to pay respects to relatives and friends on this day. When callers are received they must be served good tea to sip, good tobacco to smoke and watermelon seeds to nibble if they are adults. Boys are not properly received if they are not given the loose skinned Chinese oranges with which we have become familiar in the market-places.

It surely seemed strange on the streets on New Years day to see all shops closed and very little traffic where before every conceivable kind of vehicle thronged the way. The shops were closed but we heard great noise of drums, cymbals and stringed instruments coming from many of them. All the people whom we saw in the temples and on the streets seemed exceptionally clean and well dressed for a new outfit from hat to shoes is necessary if at all possible. The beggars take this time to go in groups to visit homes and ask for food - whoever refuses them may expect curses and imprecations, a thing above all to be feared on New Year's day.

For our New Year's dinner we ate chu-po-pos (jü-bobos) without which no New Year's dinner is complete. They are made of flour do dough made thin as pie crust . A round section of this about three inches in diameter is folded over a small quantity of ground meat, or meat and vegetables ground to-gether, and the edges are pinched together and this, when boiled, is a chu-po-po. Great numbers of them are eaten at a meal. These with soup and the loose-skinned, good luck oranges mentioned above made up our feast.

The days from the first to the fifteenth are designated as the birthdays of various creatures . There is the birthday of hogs, of cows , horses, vegetables, rice and other grains. Since these are regarded as the gifts of the God of Wealth on each of these days there are acts of worship performed to this god. Incense sticks are burned and sacrifices of food offered, paper money is burned and prostrations are performed. On the seventh day which is designated as the birthday of man thanks are offered for the benefit of existence. If this day is a fine bright one the year will be propitious for human beings and they need fear no epidemics. If, on the other hand it is over cast it forbodes a bad year.

The fifteenth is called the Little New Year and is marked by feasting and revelry. In the evening is the Festival of Lanterns. A feature of this is the carrying of a great paper dragon through the streets. He is made of paper pasted over hoops of bamboo splint. Within are blazing candles. At intervals along his frame he is supported by poles carried by men. Twenty or more carriers may be required. They follow a winding course so that the form of the dragon appears to writhe as the dragon is supposed to do. For some reason this display was forbidden in Peking this year so we failed to see the dragon.

However there were lantern displays and fireworks in various parts of the city. Quite a large party from the language school took rickshas and went to Pei Hai. Here is a large artificial lake, a stream and a hill crowned with a temple. The white bridge across the stream

had a lantern on top of every pillar and was very beautiful. We climbed the hill and from the tower of the temple viewed the lights of Peking and the fireworks in the distance. The moon was full and as we descended by stairways and steep paths down the hillside again there was witchery in the moonlight and in the contortionate forms of the pine trees so characteristic of the Chinese landscape. We descended by a different path than that of our ascent for we were looking for the place by the lake where the fireworks were to be displayed. As we came down the winding path we looked down upon upon many folks seated about little tables drinking tea. It suggested a church supper out of doors at home. But even though the weather was not so bad as February weather in the northern part of the United States is apt to be, we couldn't quite imagine folks at home sitting about tables under the trees in such a biting air even with all the witchery of Chinese lanterns and moonlight. We crossed another lantern lighted bridge and stood with the crowd to watch the display. By far the most beautiful part of this was the Fang Ho Tzu. From a scaffolding of bamboo poles was suspended a large box, like a hatbox in shape but at least three feet in diameter. As this was drawn up to the top of the scaffolding it was seen that a fuse was burning under it. When the fuse reached the bottom that part of the box dropped away, a bundle dropped out and hung a couple feet below, as the fuse continued to burn this bundle burst open with a flash and, as the smoke cleared, one could see strings of lanterns and a scene of puppets hanging there. After the lights had burned out this dropped away and another bundle appeared with new wonders to reveal. Then came another and another. One wondered how the box could have contained so much material even all folded up as it was. Once it was one huge lantern of beautiful shape and color. Once a pale and delicately tinted pillar, that might have been glowing marble, appeared. Again there was a grapevine arbor suspended from the Fang Ho Tzu. One looked a second time before he realized that the numerous clusters of blue grapes were not made of tiny globes of blue glass with a flame within but each separate grape was a single jet of deep blue flame. After watching these for a time we returned.

Such are some of the New Year's observances of the ancient land of China.

China today, we feel, needs the sympathy and understanding and especially the prayers of the followers of Christ throughout the world as never before. New wine is threatening to burst the old bottles in China. The tide of nationalism rises and as in the midst of conflicting influences and teachings and torn by internal disorder she seeks to find her place we need to pray that nations that have the knowledge of Christ may express a little of His spirit toward her. The Chinese church needs the prayers of Christendom. For it is hard for people of a young church to know what to do and how to bear witness to Christ when they live in an atmosphere that regards them as adherents of a foreigner's religion and traitors to China. And the same atmosphere makes sharp problems for the missionary. But we believe that even if, at least temporarily, the institutional work of the missionary is upset to a great extent there is no time when the witness to Christ in sincere word and life can be so effectual as in time of stress and when it may cost severely.

Language School
Tsingtao 1927-28
(Winter)

## "Exceeding Abundantly Above" Eph. 2:20

The weeks since Thanksgiving have been full of interest to us in the Tsingtao Language School. We wish to share with you the joys of these days for the Praise of the Master. The days have been so full of deep lessons in watching the master's very definite leading in a work undertaken in His name. All that is said is only for His glory for without His blessing nothing could have been done. We hope, too, you friends at home will be cheered to know that in spite of political turmoil Christ is still working in and for China and although missionaries may not be able to live in their formerly designated stations that there is always an opportunity to witness for Christ. Those of you who have been remembering us in prayer this year have had a very great part in this work.

"For ye have the poor always with you" is even more true in Tsingtao this year because of war with its excessive taxation, banditry, locusts and drought which the Famine Relief Commission reports to have affected fifty-six of Shantung's one hundred eight districts, involving more than nine millions of the country folk. "Local authorities tell us that 2,700,000 have passed thru this port alone, going to Manchuria to make more or less permanent homes." "In Tsingtao there are about 20,000 famine refugees at this time, substantial country people, not professional beggars, who would gladly work but there is not enough work." Many have been robbed of their possessions and even winter clothing. Here they are, and the suffering in cold weather is untold.

As we in school learned of these conditions we felt we must do something. Two students asked the principal to call a group meeting to discuss a plan. As a result a committee of two of the Chinese teachers, two Bible women and three students was appointed. The Master's Hand was especially clear in the choosing of the Chinese helpers. Without such faithful, earnest, Spirit-filled workers this work could not have been done.

Thanksgiving Day we met to talk over the problem. Such a task ahead of us! We had no idea how much money we would receive but one suggestion of one hundred dollars seemed beyond our thoughts. At the second meeting a few days later we had almost one hundred dollars so began to plan for its use. The Treasurer a few days later went to the bank with the precious fund, then $159.50 and was most amused to be asked for credentials from the Board of Directors of the Association authorizing her to open the account. To think of the wee beginning and our simple organization having to produce such credentials! On being told there was no Board of Directors the bank waived the rule and took the money.

The Chinese workers began investigating in various parts of the city, carefully getting names, ages, and exact needs of each family. Many afternoons were spent by students accompanying them to help preach, give tracts and return to report conditions, but the entire responsibility of determining the worthy cases was on the Chinese workers. In the meantime we must decide how best to help. It was decided to give clothes. It was impossible to buy enough old clothes so we had to have them made. At the suggestion of an older missionary we asked the Christian girls' schools to give the time to make the garments. It was surely thrilling to go to the various groups and to get such enthusiastic replies from the principals. The Master was surely leading the way and it was sweet to follow. Just as the money came from the people of all denominations so these garments "were of all de-

nominations". The Lutheran Girls School, tho their numbers are small, made 27 garments; a Baptist Missionary Society made 40; an independent Bible Class made 27 and the large Presbyterian school first said 25 but kept increasng the number until they made 112 garments. The principal there cut all of the garments herself to insure economical cutting.

You should have witnessed one scene. The Chinese teachers had just returned from buying the materials to make the cotton padded garments. The coolies carried it in and covered the floor with piles of cloth and cotton. Then while the committee and two merchants watched, the first checks on the precious bank account were drawn. It was a real ceremony! This was followed by the measuring of the required amount for each sewing group and sending it off for work to begin. Such reports of joy in helping others came from these groups.

Almost as thrilling were the days not long after,when piles of warm garments of various sizes were returned and ready to be given out. Our first cloth purchase covered the Presbyterian first quota of 25. Several times more money came in just before word was received from the school that they must have more cloth as they had increased their quota. So we still bought cloth. Before the call came for the money, **it came.** Once or twice tho the two came amazingly close together. We seemed fairly walking on air for the fun and the joy of it!

"Words are too feeble to give any adequate description of the hovels or matting sheds in which many of the poor Chinese refugees are spending the winter. A place is dug out in the ground, perhaps six by eight feet, and a foot or two deep. Around this is built a tiny wall of cinders, tin cans, broken crockery, or any thing else which comes to hand, held together with mud. Over all is placed a straw mat for a roof, scant protection from the bitter winter weather. One family of nine, several of whom were sick, were huddled into a little open space under a bridge." Most of the tiny sheds are so small that one must crawl in the front and only opening and lie down inside. Other people are living in cave- like holes dug in the hillside. One hut was made of oil tins filled with dirt and rocks and the cans plastered together with mud. Some had a straw mat on which to sleep while others had only coal and cinders. One simply can not conceive the conditions unless one sees.

The Bible women went to the various homes, taking the clothes and always giving the gospel message. At one place many were living in the same courtyard so a great many clothes, all carefully tied in bundles, with a name on each, were given at one time. It would have done your heart good to have seen the expression of sheer delight on the faces of some of the mothers as they came forward to receive the bundles of nice warm clothing for themselves and their little ones whom they were carrying and leading by their sides. The Bible woman explained to the people that we were not giving them this clothing in the hope of laying up merit for ourselves but because of the love of Jesus. We went, too, one day with a ricksha piled full of clothes with the Chinese teachers to a carefully investigated section near the wharf. Our great number of garments seemed but a drop in the ocean compared to the needs. People begged to be given clothes but when told that only those whose names were written could receive, begged to have their names written. Had we not used this method and carefully tagged each bundle we would have been mobbed in their eagerness to receive the clothes. After all were distributed the Chinese teacher preached to them with such compassion and gentleness! It was a rare opportunity to hear him. None of that great crowd were Christians and only one or two had even heard the name of Jesus. Another morning a missionary brought a station Ford which

was piled full of clothes to be given out. Again the story of Jesus was told and tracts were given out.

The condition of a few families may be of interest. In one home twins had just been born and as the mother could not get out to beg and could not nourish both, she gave one away. She was given thirty pounds of millet to be assured food for a few days. One family was simply destitute. The father had just died and they were without warm clothes. We gave them padded garments and since then the two older boys have found work. We found one family huddled on a wooden bed with a few rags for covering and absolutely no clothes. It was surely a joy to take warm coats and trousers to that home. A few families were given a few dollars to start a little peddling business. A man whose wife had just died had no one to care for the new born baby. A neighbor said she would, but was starving it. The car fare for the father to take the baby to his mother was really the price of the baby's life. Imagine the joy of a little old blind lady, none too warmly clad, in receiving a warm bed cover.

I have not yet mentioned the old, but warm clothes, caps, shoes and stockings received and distributed by the committee. Many old dresses were most cleverly used as linings of the padded garments.

This giving and making continued until Christmas time when the last of the garments was given out. Up to that time the treasurer had received $279. There were 214 new garments given, counting cloth and cotton given out for the women to make up for themselves. Besides this there have been about 200 old garments given, about fifty dollars was given in money and we still had a small balance in the treasury. It was proving a veritable "widow's cruse of oil."

There was the very interesting side development from our work. One of the Chinese girls' school teachers went with us to distribute the clothes. She was so deeply moved and appalled by the conditions that she told the Chinese Fellowship Church Committee who met that afternoon about these refugees. As a result that church had a Red Gift Christmas (we call it a White Gift, but in China gifts are wrapped in red.) Great baskets of clothes and food and $60 were brought. The money was used to buy "mo mo", Chinese bread. Over one thousand tickets were distributed and 4400 of these small loaves of steamed bread were given to the poor. This work was originated and wholly managed by the Chinese Christians.

The White Gifts of the Foreign Sunday School which included clothes and $9.40 were also given to the Language School Committee. We do not wish to over-emphasize the money gifts, only as it represents a sacrifice by those who gave and as it shows how the Master provides and leads.

This much of the story was written and the Committee thought the work about ended but the Master planned otherwise. The time of the Chinese New Year, Jan. 23rd was drawing near. This is the greatest time of the Chinese year and help for the poor then is most appreciated. The Bible Women suggested that we use our balance of $13.60 to buy grain to give to the poor. Announcement was made and students again gave for the fund. One day two men came to school to inquire for a sick Chinese friend about the work of our Committee. This friend wished to give to the poor and indirectly had learned of our work. In a few hours one man returned with $100.00 Again we bowed in gratitute to God who gives abundantly above all we could ask or even think! It was such a privilege to be a little link in the Master's plan. Later when we learned the rest of the story we felt the awe and responsibility and unworthiness of being given this new work. The donor some years ago while in Harbin was told the gospel story by a Chinese friend. It was more or less forgotten and he was reading Buddhist

Yours I know Jesus.

books. One night later while in the hospital he recalled the friend and the story. The next morning a tract came from the friend. This with gratitude for returning health made him feel he should express to some one his appreciation, but not knowing God he knew not how to do it. Finally he decided to give money for the poor and thus it came to us. The money is of the least importance. The opportunity to further witness for Christ to him has been taken. We are praying for God's guidance and claiming His promises for him. This has also given a contact with a family of returned students of wealth and education whose lives need the Master, and Saviour, Jesus. Oh the joy but the responsibility of living Christ before them! This lady wanted to collect some clothes for us to give as we gave out the grain. She told us a number of her wealthy friends refused to give for the poor children because of the superstition that if any thing happened to the beggar child, its spirit would come for the spirit of the child whose old clothes he had worn. This is our nearest and first contact with this well-known belief of animism.

I wish all could have witnessed the giving of the grain. Over 600 tickets were distributed by the Chinese workers. Our total collection of $156 bought 200 chin (a chin is one and one-third pound) of rice and millet. For each ticket we gave three chin of grain. The crowd gathered early in the courtyard of the gospel hall of the Independent Chinese Church. While a pastor preached to them there was unusual quiet and attention. Then one at a time they filed past the line of Chinese helpers and students. Some measured out the grain, others gave out tracts and spoke to them as they left. It was a great sight to watch the students and teachers in the crowd. Here was one surrounded by children teaching them to sing gospel choruses, another over at the other corner was talking to an attentive group. Several women were found with only thin ragged trousers,carrying babies without clothes but tucked down in the mother's ragged coat.With a few dollars given that morning their needs were met. A great number came who had no tickets, in the hope of receiving a little grain. Among them we found a woman whose wee mite of a baby tucked in her coat was born the night before. She had no food nor baby clothes. We had nothing very suitable for her but gave her what we had and filled her sack with grain. There were about one hundred given food after all having tickets were cared for, but outside there was still a crowd! Of course we can not hope to relieve all the suffering but we must do what we can. During the week of the new year the Bible Women held five days of special meetings for these beggar women. The room was filled and the group was responsive. This was also originated and carried out by the Chinese workers.

Thus our little beginning has grown with total receipts of $477.00. Of course it is a joy to relieve physical suffering but it is after all a means of getting the attention on Christ. With each garment and measure of grain the gospel was given and we now just trust the Master for the results. The definite lessons we've learned are too many to enumerate. The sweet spirit of oneness, the hearty co-operation of the students and principal, the willingness of the several sewing groups, the earnest faithful work of the Chinese helpers and the inspiration of working with them and seeing them bear the responsibillity---- all have been most precious. The greatest of all is the way the Master has taken the willingness of these servants and blessed it exceeding abundantly above all we could ask or think, and the sheer joy of working by the side of such a Christ. It has all been a never-to-be forgotten experience.

Note:— Since the writing of this report $270.00 more have been received by the Committee to be used to relieve the famine sufferers. This makes $717.00 received by the Committee. We surely praise the Master for His continued blessing and hesitate even now to say this work is finished,

Somewhere in China

April 7, 1928

My dear Loved Ones and Friends:

By the light of two candles—I must recount the days experiences. Am all toasty and warm in my Chinese clothes and the stockings which you mother found for me (after trying all the stores and found none warm enuf!) Have had supper but me, oh, my! to recount a day should one begin at supper!! I went to Mrs. Eames to pack up to come on my first country evangelistic trip. She has been perfectly wonderful to me. She says she's been helping folks off to the country for years, so she ought to know what to do and then she says she can only help, that is her mission work now. She surely helped me!! The cook bought my things for me and she let me bring "Dien San"--so we packed yesterday afternoon. Than had a final bath--in tub—and in preparation--up early this morning,--my luggage a big "Kori" (the last word in huge, but inexpensive basket covered with cloth on the principle of the old-time--now only a memory--telescopes which can expand indefinitely) this held bed clothes and my change of clothes, needed books picture post-cards, which just came from Mrs. Moshberger in the nick of time--Then we had a box of canned goods and groceries--a basket of vegetables, my guitar, my leather brief case, which some of the dear Woodburn friends gave me at a shower at Sarah's--and the noon lunch--and Aunt Clara's scarf and mittens and the tweed hat I can roll up--I told the girls its principal good feature was that I could roll it up and make it disappear!! ( I haven't improved in liking to wear a hat). We got all piled up in 'rickshas and off we went. We had no trouble getting a seat on the train--in third class car,--and off we were. The bud under the microscope again--the only foreign woman on the car--men with cues, men without cues, some coolies, some teachers, a farmer or so, almost every trade of folks--represented on the train--all looking. I'm hardened to it! Really it amuses me so! A bright little fellow came and sat with us--and I said something to the servant--He opened

his eyes and said "she talks Chinese". Well, he had a good idea what I had on before long. Before we got off he read part of John's gospel Chapter I to me and I expounded! It was fun--A C hinese in seat ahead volunteeredan explanation in a hard part--He's a Christian teacher of English in a boys school--so he practised English on me!! We got off after two hours ride and here awaited a Peking cart. A two wheeled one with no springs, a little covered canapy just on the wheels--all the luggage stowed away--I mounted and crawled in and the servants rode in front the man who owned the almost minature horse (he seemed so small) walked at the side and by a clever tap of the whip steered that little animal most dexterously around ruts. We followed a narrow road sometimes a track across fields of spring wheat. Mrs Hue had fixed me such a nice lunch--chicken prepared Chinese way, cooked in a nice sauce with eggs in it and bamboo sprouts, two cans tell gay. One must be dextrous to eat with chopsticks on terra firma but in a jolting jogging cart----well, I got my lunch anyway and acquired experience too!! It was such fun!!! I'd give anything if you could have seen me!!

Sunday, Managed my washing and sleeping finely. I was warned to bring covers, I did, but I assure you I was warmed by them!! I awoke at ten just roasting. Have a little room to myself. You see the place of meeting of this class of women who love to come from various villages near and far to study for a month was formerly the school for girls which is now in Lsivgtoo so we have a good sized church, with a bell on it, several buildings built around a court yard. This is a most interesting place. It is one of the first opened and has a well established church, with a Chinese pastor and a young evangliset, who is perfectly up and for and by thechurch members which also meets in this courtyard. I wish you could see and know some of these interesting folks.--I'll finish telling of law we live and then tell of the people. In my room for furniture are a folding cot, a table, two wooden stools, and a chair rather more safe as a wash stand than a

chair. The floor is dirt packed down. Have a window and door--Real luxury. Really this is the most luxurious and most convenient of any of the places so it really isn't typical of most places I'll go later. It is really very convenient and I'm not suffering a speck but having a grand and glorious time. The cook prepares our food--twice a day we eat foreign food in a room off the school room--at noon Chinese food with the women who are studying here. Miss Clow a most precious wonderful Chinese Bible woman eats foreign food part of the time but can't be satisfied all of the time. Our foreign food is just like we have at home and Dien San knows what I like so we get along beautifully. He is having a grand time as he used to go to the country all the time and all this year he hasn't gone--so now he's just in his glory--boss and cook and all--supprised us with a beaming face and plate of doughnuts. I have eaten more pancakes out here as the bread is short and he was a bit worried over it because Mrs. Eames the rule was pancakes on Sunday morning only--he couldn't quite understand the departure from the former but I assured him it was all right. Sometime someone must have taught him that spinach was especially good--or made a rule to have it each day--well, be it as it may with absolutely unfailing regularity at supper we have a dish of spinach with hard boiled eggs on top! It's amusing--but doubtless we are gaining in mineral food. He really cooks well and is a great help beside a necessity to have him.

Now I'll tell you a bit of the day's work and fun. This is a small Bible institute really--managed by the local christians with the help of some of the missionary force in teaching.women. Old and young, <u>tiny</u> bound feet, others young brides--heathen girls married into christian families who have come to study, others from homes entirely without any Christian belief, there is also a group of fine Christian girls graduated from middle school. Some have come eighty li (a li is 1/3 of a mile) others 2 or 3 li, others live here in the village. Some walked to get here, others accompanied by some man of the household, rode

little donkies, others came in barrows, a few had a short ride on the train or auto buss and then walked. They are divided i nto three groups those who can read and are Christians, studied Matthew and Revelation beside singing. Those who for first time are studying and learning to read have a simple catechism, and another book of simple truths, singing and a class in reading the phonetic. This is a system of symbols which when leanred give a key to sounds of the characters. Some books have them printed beside the character and others just use the phonetic script. It is very must more quickly learned and while it will never supplant the written character it is perfectly wonderful for these dear older women who have never learned the character and who could not now get them. This way they can in a comparatively short time learn to read the Bible and a few hymns. The third group is made up of a group of children who came and formed into a class--so Miss W inslett who came first planned a schedule of primary work for them. There has been in attendance an average of 60 women for the month. We also have a play period after classes--I wish you could see this too, these women whose lives have been so empty and deprived of children's play had all to learn to play! At first they were unable to enter into it, and had to learn, but they surely have learned. Such fun as they have. One afternoon we had a great circle of old and young playing with the volley ball and it was a joy to see their faces and the great enjoyment of it all! They love to play too after the ice is broken!

The very fine part of this class is that it is managed by Chinese and they have the responsibility. The teachers, beside Mr. Coonradt, and Miss Clow, who is employed by the mission, are volunteer workers. The plan was for mission to furnish the grain for the food of those who came from various places. They themselves to furnish their own bread and vegetables. This has all been done and at a surprisingly low cost.

The local church raised a large part of the money for this helping fund. The institute has been run for a month--average attendance of 60 women at a total cost of $36.00 Mexican or about $15.00 American dollar.

This is the money given by local church and missionand includes all the expense--apart from the vegetable and bread which has averages $1.50 Mexican money per person. Imagine that many receiving this splendid instruction for a month at that rate. There have been an average of 25 living here from outside eating here. The local Christians have also sent in onions just now fine to eat, and other food to suppliment the food! We are so thankfulfor these groups who go ahead and take responsibility. They are the real fruits of the labor. They have felt the results so fine that they plan to go ahead and have classes another month. One month really isn't enuf for these women who have never studied at all to get enuf to go on so the next month of work will be great.

Later! This letter is written between times and I fear its "unity" and coherence are lacking, but hope it will be intelligible. The class is over and I'm having my first experience of being mud-bound, and a new sympathy for those who say they can't go in the rain. We planned to go this morning back to Tsingtoo--lastnight it rained all night and the several feet of fine dust have all become that much mud--so we wait as they say--"There is another day." Most of the women have gone home to wash clothes and get ready to come back for next month.

We have had such a marvelous time being <u>friends</u>. I can't do much at preaching or public speaking--though I did lead the six o'clock morning prayer meeting one morning--my first attempt and in spite of <u>all</u> lack of <u>much</u>, I enjoyed it and the Master truly helped me to speak and I praise Him for it! The teacher I had in Korea said the greatest essential in working among the Chinese is <u>friendliness</u>. I do believe it is the opening door. Such friends as have been made these ten days. There is nothing in the hearts of these people but open friendliness. The whole field is just ripe--waiting for the harvest. The seeds of communism haven't come yet here to foster a false hatred! As I said my opportunity has been not to preach but make friends and say what I could to eadh one! How cordial the local Christians have been. The

week before I [illegible] Spring festival and the foreigners who where [illegible] then, Mr. and Mrs. Walter and Miss Winslett had six feasts in five days. There have been presents of eggs twice, dishes of Chinese food, flowers and numberless expressions of friendship! Of course many come just in curosity--but I'm accustomed to the many questions and love to have them come--if by letting them come to see even me may give a wee wedge of interest in my Master. I am content to tell over and over a-gain--How old I am, what country. How many in my family, what each one does--let them see my clothes and bed covers and comb and brush etc. It is all in good friendly interest and curosity--and aren't we as cur-ious tho perhaps not so bluntly so. "My greatest strangeness" to them was my white skin--All remarked--"How white her skin is." One dear old lady whose limit of world knowledge was a circle of a few li around her home--decided if I'd go out in the sun I'd get yellow like them. Miss Clow told her there were five great races of different colors but she may still be thinking I will be yellow in time. Ond day a group of us were in a room talking after a class, one of the Christians was seated by me, when in came and old lady from several li away said she'd come to see the foreigner--She was just bursting with curosity and from her seat near the door couldn't see enuf so this Christian in fun gave her her seat and we were so amused at her questions and the way she patted my hands and examined all my clothes. We preached some to her but she didn't want to listen just look! One day some of the younger women came to my room to visit, after classes there was always a crowd, one day it might be school girls, another the children, or another time some village women in to see, or maybe a group of the Christians who came after classes. Miss Clow generally was there to help to talk to them. The guitar was almost warn out by the time I left. They surely did enjoy it and I did also. I feel it is truly a great help and I am so thankful for it. This day the younger women wanted to know how I comb my hair--I showed them the comb and brushes, they wanted me to comb it for t hem. I did much to their enjoyment, then they wanted me to

comb it like theirs--plain, straight back with a knot in the back--I did and they all said now I had become a Chinese. They said that I lacked the bangs and earings--so one gave me her earrings and tied them with a thread over my ears. Soon all the courtyard group arrived to see and pass judgment. They said I must have a picture for you mother to see if you'd recognize me--that I'd turned Chinese. Then imagine next morning one of the women brought a false bangs made of hair net--almost the color of my hair--which she had made the night before for the picture!! Mrs. Hsun went back to her home to get her Chinese short coat and they had a real circus fixing me--Chinese and all the group attended at the picture taking. With great care they put me in the high straight back chair--put the potted plants on each side of me and posed my hands just so--all according to the accepted form for a dignified Chinese picture--It all amused me so but I was told not to smile a sober dignified decorum was necessary. It was lovely(The picture isn't quite a success as you see they didn't get the famous hair in nor the flowerpots. The second they said I could smile, but it also isn't good--too much grin, but does show the flowerpots and clothes) All this was just fun, and meaningless play. Yes, but not meaningless for it was their genuine friendship and expression of real desire for me to be one of them. That to me is worth more than I can say!! How they appreciated my wearing Chinese clothes and black cloth Chinese shoes, and the fact that I could eat Chinese food and that I did eat with them and could use chopsticks. They would laught and say if I lived oh Chinese soil, ate Chinese food my hair would become strait and black and you'd not recognize me!!! Several dear old ladies asked about my mother--they came in one day as I was writing this and asked me to write for them "wen to hoa" Literally "to ask you well" to great you. One old lady had been a Christian just a little over a year. She said she had a dream and in it two girls in white led her to to a very lovely bright place and she saw such a wonderful person. He told her it was heaven and she should believe in Jesus. All her famil

are unbelievers. She's just a dear. It was hard for me to talk with her as she'd use so much country language. Something like our slang, but different words and they not good mandorin. She has great fun teaching me some of these expressions and I supprised my teacher with them when I returned!

This village is the home of DongLee Mei a very famous Chinese minister and evangelist. About half of the village are related to him. There is one family I want to tell you of--a most interesting group. The old grandfather(his picture is the old man seated in the chair, I wish you'd seen them (the evangelist & his grandson) fixing him up for this picture--washing his face, borrowing a new hat, pulling sleeves down, arranging flower pots, taking his pipe and tobacco sack away and telling him to hold the Bible--it is most like his only picture) was the leader of the Boxer rebellion in that area and a red had boxer too. They burned the church and school but no lives where taken. The present church and buildings were built out of indemnity money collected from him and followers. He still is unconverted tho he does not now oppose Christianity and I was told he even admitted he was wrong. Well you can imagine his feelings coming her to have his picture taken and what he must have been thinking (we got the picture thru his grandson asking him for us--as I thought you'd be interested in it) Now the next stage in the story. When that big Robbery of the Blue express that happened at Lincheng in 1923 or about then was being settled--Mr. Romig of Tinghsien was interpreting for them. The telegraph operator a young man named Ding, the grandson of this old gentleman, was very interested in talking English, so he stayed near Mr. Romig, and practiced his English talking with him a number of times. Mr. Romig said, "Since your name is Ding I suppose you are a fine Christian. "He said no! From that time he studied and was converted. He is a fine, tall, nice looking young man. His father was then a traveling singer played Chinese stringed instrument and went from place to place with a concubine who sang with him. It is one of the lowest of trades--when the

young Mr. Ding told me he said his fatherused "yen" the term for tobacco but "ta yen" is opium. They often used just the one word yen and mean opium a man of this class would most likely use opium. Well, the young Christian came home andhow he prayed he said for his father--in a few months--His father was converted and Mr. Dinggsays nothing could induce him to touch the old instrument and he quit use of the "yen" and he with his son were baptized together. He has put the concubine away. He still provides for her living and she is in a Bible school but not living together. The father is now a guard on the railroad. The son now teaches the Christian school in the village. He surely is fine--sings very well and is surely giving those kiddies fine training. They were there for six o'clock prayer meeting every morning thru the month! They line and sing a hymn before dismissal at 6 o'clock in the evening and it was surely a joy to hear them.

The rest of this family are not yet Christians. One afternoon some women came to the church to see and one of them was Mr. Ding's mother. Miss Clow talked to her and she listened very interestedly and intelligently! She came in our rooms and we talked and sang and played etc. The next day she sent word for us to come to her "poor home" which was really a very nice, one, story, rooms made of mud bricks build around a cleanly swept courtyard. We went with a crowd following us--on the way passed a little old blind woman whom Miss Clow asked to come along and hear the gospel--"Tao li" literally the "road of right" principles". Thats poorly translated. We were met outside of the street gate by Mrs. Ding with true courtesy. The old boxer grandfather bowed to us very politely. Then we were ushered into the nice clean room of the teacher and his wife. His wall was covered with nice gospel pictures and Chinese scrolls. We were invited to sit on the very dirty kang with was spotless. This is a bed built of mud bricks with a fire box under it so it can be heated--on top was a nice clean straw matting. We went up and sat and a few others sat too--after a great deal of bowing and "no, I won't sit--you sit"--" I wouldn't

think of sitting you sit" etc--Well, after a certain time the proper ones sat. When we waited the were preparing tea--and after while the tea came then followed the same bowing and you drink--"No, I won't drink"--"You please drink." After the proper amount of this the proper ones drank and we went then out to the courtyard where six nice seats were arranged--We sat--and then after a great deal of bowing and some discussion again the proper ones sat on the seats--others on the ground about 25 in all--the little blind lade came--and Miss Clow talked to them and we sang. All listened attentively as Miss Clow explained God's love and the futility of worship of the temple idols. We feel they are very near the Kingdom but are waiting for the old grandfather. It was all a most precious experience.

Then the second Sunday we had such an interesting experience. After church service Miss Clow and I went with Mrs. Sun to Da tien a small village 3 li across the fields. It was warm and sun hot so we wore hats for pratition--tho my foreign hat and Chinese clothes were a bit queer looking. We walked over and so were well ready for the nice Chinese food they prepared for us. The village has two Christians living in it other than this no witness--foreigners have never gone there to preach. They have boy's school but none for girls. Their only introduction to foreigners was in years back when German soldiers took Tsingtoo and rode over the country treating these Chinese in no friendly way so since then they've had great fear of foreign men. The Chinese evangelist from Ta Tsin Tan has ben over there but, of course, women couldn't go out to hear him--so you can get a little idea of need for women's work in this field. There are 4000 such villages without any Christians at all in them and as conservative and out of reach of men workers. We were followed by crowds of naked little boys and girls--whose curosity at the sight of a foreigner must be satisfied. They and grown ups, as well, filled the room and courtyard of Mrs. Sun's home and would leave only when promised that after we had eaten we would come out and they could listen to the preaching. They came back again and agin and

peered thru the little window to see us eat—how those days of crowds following and coming to the room to see were reminded of the way Jesus was thronged by many who too just wanted to see. Miss Clow said as we ate and they waited—often the Master had no time to eat even! I can see in a new way why he went to the mountain or far away from crowds for prayer. The crowds we had and demands on us of course were nothing in comparison with those made on Him. We finished our dinner and Miss Clow preached to the crowd and after all had a good look at me and remarked at my whiteness--they decided I wasn't much of a show after all so they settled down to listen to the message. We counted 150. How Miss Clow did preach to them--in their own country talk and how they listened. She surely is splendid. Several days later when Mrs. [illegible] went back to see her mother a great many came and asked her when we'd come again. These people who just had heard for the first time--offered to provide us food if we would come back so we could stay longer. One offered to give this kind of food, another that kind and they decided if we'd come they would have only grown ups so that they need not be disturbed by children. Of course, I was only an incident in it all. I t is absolutely a new but ripe field! We had no chance to go back before I left but they asked me to come back to their class one week end. Next week was planned but I rather doubt the wisdom of my going out now, Miss Clow can go back. Please pray for this work.

Well eventually it cleared and rain stopped. The mud dried enuf for us to go. All our kitchen implimentsand food, bed rolls, and suit cases were piled on a cart and we were leaving. Such a precious two weeks at friendship made it hard to leave. All in the courtyard, including students walked part way and then went back. Agroup of four or five insisted on going half of 8 li with us to the train--and our dear little old Mrs. Wang with her tiny wee bound feet but in spite of discomfort of walking of them she too went half way. My first country trip is over and a precious memory. I feel so gratoful that the

Please return - Lowry

Peking
Christmas 1928.

1 Tsi Yang Road
Tsingtao, Shantung

Feb 1929

Dear Ones in the Homeland:

I have just returned to Tsingtao after a more than six-weeks trip to the country and I wish I could give you a little idea of the joy, and satisfaction which these wonderful days have brought to me. If I could make you thus share the joy and feel the great need and responsibility, we have for these who know Him not, even in a small measure I should be satisfied. Words are feeble and empty often but even so I want to chat with you whose loving sacrifice and giving makes it possible for me to be here.

If you had been here to go with me on November twenty-second you'd have had to get up early, eat a hasty breakfast, help put away the last remaining articles (for I live by myself and have to leave my rooms locked and in best condition possible) lock doors and windows, see that all the baskets of provisions, bed roll, suit case of Bibles, etc., were all taken to the bus. Then you would go by bus thirty miles to Tsimo, and you would have had a good dinner with Miss Strunk of the American Lutheran Mission who has charge of the Girl's School there; The most novel part of the day would have been the ride in a chair carried on the shoulders of four coolies for another eight miles and at last you would have seen me all settled in a clean new three-room Chinese house. The Bible women's homes are in Pei Ling so I had these rooms to myself, one for kitchen, one for study room (for my Chinese teacher went on this trip), and one for a bed room. I felt no fear though alone because the outer court gates had iron plates on them, a watchman slept by the inner gate and the faithful watch dogs barked at least unusual sound. If disturbance was great enough the watchman fired a gun, and the dog next door barked and these neighbors also fired a gun—so it was enough to quiet or frighten intruders. Beyond this I knew we were in His all-loving care and in His will, so we may ever be at peace. Because of the delay of settlement with Japan the Nationalists have not taken control of this section; at places near us there were bandits and some disorder but we were kept in peace and the regular classes were not upset in any way. I can't begin to recount all the experiences you would have had beginning with my arrival in this fancy chair until six weeks later when a large crowd from two villages came to bid us farewell and give a royal send off by shooting fire crackers. I understand the southern people use more fire crackers than the northern—at least I know it was the first time they have been fired in my honor!

Some months ago a Mr. Li, who as a young man committed some crime in Pei Ling and fled, eventually going to America, returned to his home an enthusiastic Christian. He found his whole clan practically non-Christian but through him almost the whole village, have

destroyed their old idols and pictures of false gods and have professed belief in Christ. Many of the women have unbound thier feet and show every evidence of the reality of their conversion. It was to hold a class for these and some in a near village that we went for these six weeks. The class had thus to be divided but even so that did not prove an insurmountable obstacle to the progress. In the two villages while the registration was much larger we had an average attendance of more than sixty women and young girls. Miss Wang had charge of the South village class; Miss Chow had charge of the North village group. I went between the two classes to help but lived in North village. I am surely grateful for a year of experience with these two splendid Bible women! The Pei Ling group were divided into a church member's class, of those who could read; a class for church members who could not read and a group of non-Christians, In Nan T'an was this group of new converts who could not read, or sing and had to all begin from the very foundation. As for my own work it was decidedly varied. In the printed schedule I had the class of non-christians, church member's class for hymn singing, in one village and singing in the second village, but no printed schedule could describe the day's demands—nor were any two days alike, my teacher had the church member's Bible class and Miss Chow the other group. A brief outline of my day plan will give little idea of the way I spent my time but many interruptions and incidents made it almost impossible to carry it out. I ate at 7:30. Then at 8 had class for my cook and prayer. From 8:30-9:30 I spent in study with my teacher; 9-30 worship period for the class; 10 - classes; 11:15 play period which was such fun - It was interesting to see those whose lives have little of play enter into exercises and games with such spirit—at 11 I had class in hymn singing. Then after that come the daily line of patients for treatment. You'll be surprised—because you know I'm not a nurse nor a doctor—to know the extent of my little clinic but I must confess I feel about as surprised as you—but it is just amazing what a great variety of deseases "salts" and caster oil will cure—From twelve o'clock on, till all were cared for I treated eyes, burns, colds, and a great variety of ailments. Dinner was eaten at first free interval. From 2-4 I attempted to study. From 4-5 went to South village. For two weeks there was a group of small children studied and played until about 7 but that had to be discontinued because of the not too peaceful conditions. Sometimes I studied in the evenings. That gives only the barest outline of the day—but I assure you no days were without variety and interest, - I can't begin to tell the joy of service and of witnessing for Him through all the days. I am so grateful to have been able to live for so long in one place. There are always the first barriers of strangeness to be broken down and that basis of friendliness and trust to be established. I wonder if we foreigners ever will get very deep or close to them—to a

place of real understanding in all phases of their lives; but I am so happy for the friendships and bonds of sympathy that I have had the privilege of forming. The first few days were filled receiving callers, those who just came to see and visit for a time. That time of mere curiosity subsided after a time and then I felt many came for a different reason. I feel some who came to see remained to hear and know of Jesus and remained to pray.

I have mentioned the medical side. How I longed many times for just a little more knowledge but Miss Reich, a nurse, from Lutheran Mission came up one day and helped me immeasurably with advice and sending medicines. While I was able to do only a very little bit, I feel it was vastly worth while. People came from miles away and each one heard the gospel story beside receiving physical relief. Oh! the need in that field for a hospital and trained doctors and nurses—a field all untouched! The needs just break ones heart at times and then we read of the home churches deciding not to give as much to missions and that China doesn't need Christ!

I wish you could have seen the earnestness and sincerity of that group of new converts at South village. It inspired me each time I went there. It wasn't easy for them to learn to read some of them quite old, others busy with duties of a large house-hold while others had home persecutions to withstand. In spite of it all they surely made remarkable progress. A lady over sixty years of age said all her life she had longed for this opportunity. She was one of the best students though she always bemoaned her lack of teeth—that she could not sing! It surely was a satisfaction to see the class of little girls who came at first with absolutely no conception of conduct in school, or at worship, with no knowledge of reading or of Jesus Christ, change to orderly students able to read their lessons, able to sing and have a good foundation in knowing Him Whom to know is "Life Eternal". They have only begun it is true but we have hope for them. One of the older girls is going to continue a class for them after Chinese New Year. There is hope of being able to establish a women's Bible School there later so they will have a chance to continue. Just to think I have the privilege to help a little in this work surely makes me grateful and feel more and more that there is as great responsibility as well as joy and as Paul says "the treasure is in an earthen vessel". I hope you too feel a bit of the joy and glory of sharing with Him in His work.

I want to tell you of Christmas Day. I spent it there with these Chinese friends. I was the only foreigner but I didn't feel a foreigner at all. It was one of the very happiest days I ever spent. The week before was busy in preparation. My teacher helped and we used several scenes from "The Lost Star" by Burrell, putting them into Chinese and the Christian girls in our group prepared it for the program. Beside this the classes had various songs to prepare. Getting ready for Christ-

mas is just the same here as at home so I need not give those details. The day before Christmas we had our last practice which was enough of a failure to make all fear for the real performance and made me wonder whether we could ever give it. Christmas Eve was the first opportunity I had to plan for my Christmas and decorations for the table. I, with my few dishes and few supplies had, invited nine guests for dinner! The cook had borrowed bowls and plates and gone to the nearest market to get supplies so at last we had enough dishes and he was satisfied with our food but distressed that we had not brought a table cloth. I too began to feel we needed some decorations to make it festive and all—but we were miles from Tsingtao and stores. Eventually from a supply of red and white paper we had a big red star of Bethlehem over the table with red streamers to each place, a white paper table cloth with red edges and red star in the center, enough red Christmas cards for place cards, and the table looked festive and "Christmasy" indeed. Some friend had sent out a few gifts the day before all gay in Christmas wrappings. I don't believe I ever really realized before just how much attractive wrappings add. These I piled on the window sill over my k'ang (brick Chinese bed) and went to sleep as excited as any youngster over opening them the next morning. I was awake at four so got up and enjoyed the gifts. In the middle of it out of the dark stillness came the sound of singing. That song though so familiar never ceases to thrill one—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing" — It was sung in Chinese but the thrill was even greater. The group of Christian girls waited for me to join them and off we went again to sing at the homes of Christians. It was still dark when we reached South village but those new Christians were all up and dressed for the great Day and came out to greet us. They surely are experiencing the joy of Christ. Such a happy group as they are only brings anew the realization of the Message of the Angels that Christ came to give joy. The last stars were dimming as we returned from carol singing. That was the first time carols had been sung on Christmas morning there. To be able to join them was surely a joy but we must also realize that for millions in China the Christmas carols have never been sung and the age-old song is still unknown. We planned this with a little hesitancy because it was the first time. We wondered if non-Christians might not understand and fire guns when the dogs barked. However all went well and we were glad we had gone.

The day was warm and sunny. It was just the loving plan of the Father because days before and after were cold. The platform was moved out into the church courtyard and all available benches were carried there and filled—still people came—and came. The lowest estimate was that there were seven hundred there to attend the program many heard perhaps for the first time the story of the Saviour. The program was fully three hours long. The primary school dramatized two Bible stories.

They were well given. To me one of the most impressive things was when thirty or more women and girls from South village stood on the dlatform and sang perfectly, reading the characters, a Christmas song· These were women who a few months before knew *nothing* of Christ. The mere singing which was fine was by far the least that impressed me· They were singing their first *Christmas Song*—that Christ had been born in their hearts, I am sure that scene caused joy in Heaven.

I wish you could have seen the camel the wise man had in our pagaent—my fur robe covered two small boys, whose heads made the humps and a man there used bamboo to make a from for a head and covered it with paper—the fact that the color of the paper was red and purple only added to the festivity of the day. Egg shells with pupils painted on them made most realistic eyes. The Chinese are surely clever people!—The pagaent went off well! for beyond our wildest hopes Many said they had learned much from this proud wise man. whose continual sinning caused the Star be was following to disappear and only when be confersed his sin and righted the wrong could be see it again.

After the program and the treat was given and the great crowd had dispersed the guests came for dinner. See I eat Chinese food thus I can't always supervice in detail the menu.—I haven't yet learned how to make it - but I can generally trust the cook to fix good things. He surely gained a name for himself that day. He had planned twenty-four dishes and was surely clever to manage to cook it on the one little oil stove. The Orient makes the Bible stories clear in so many places and the Chinese custom of going several times to invite a guest, then going when all is prepared personlly to ask them again, help one to understand Christ's story of the guests bidden to the feast by the servant when the supper was just ready. In China it is permissable to send a servant to invite the guests but it is far more polite to go in person. One of guests was the above mentioned Mr. Li's father a man of quite some education. He had just recently destroyed the family gods but hadn't been baptized· According to the old Chinese custom, which the gentleman follows, to invite the son and not the older man would be disrespectful; to invite both would also be disrespectful so we decided, to invite the old gentleman. He at first occepted and later declined, but when I went myself to invite him he came. We were so glad because later we found out the reason he had declined was that he feared we had a plan to get an apportunity to reprove him for not believing before. When nothing was said to him he went home very happy and we were doubly happy to have dispelled his doubts. After dinner we had a picture taken then prepared for a union meeting of our two classes. I was glad I had the nice pictures which a girl's class of the Bethel church sent me last summer. We gave them and they were very much appreciated,

That morning a big Christmas mail came, piles of cards and some home packages so, at night after a friendly visit out under the stars with the Elder's wife I sat on the k'ang again and spent a couple of hours opening packages and letters and thinking of all the love and happiness that had been given to me. Truly He makers it up to every one a hundred fold for every wee sacrifice for Him—and by the touch of His divine alchemy the sacrifice isn't a sacrifice at all but a joyous service.

This holiday I truly kept. You'll be amused to know I was so busy I entirely forgot Thanksgiving Day until the next day and worst of all - (if I didn't think it too good a joke I'd not tell it) I kept the wrong day for New Year's day, I assure you tho, I was truly thankful to be there and the spirit of the day matters more than the day but it shows you how isolated I was. I have a good calendar now, several in fact, so have hapes for the future. New Year's Day to the Chinese is the festival at the year so these friends decided to help me celebrate my New Year. A heavy snow kept the South villages friends from coming early to wish me "Happy New Year" as they had planned. Soon after breakfast the North village group came with two large paper balls to hang up to decorate my room. A great many callers came so beside the regular schedule of classes I had a day-long "At-Home" with tea and cakes. Now, wasn't it quite as good as the real day?

One of the sweet memories of it all is the great appreciation which these friends showed. The gifts of eggs, peanuts, cakes and food, are too numerous to mention. This isn't a wealthy section and many just have enough sweet patotoes. (considered here the most plebian of food) and grain for food so these gifts I always felt real sacrifices. I always feel we have much to learn from the Chinese in many simple courtesies and appreciation of others. As the pastar and one school teacher were leaving too just at the same time they used the occasion for a farewell meeting which was very interesting.

The last few days were particularly full because of the rush to get medicines before I left. Some dreadful cases came but my medicines were all used and some for beyond my skill. The last afternoon we visited in homes and that nite seated on my k'ang we had a little farewell chat, and time for song and prayer as a number came in for a last visit. At eight the next morning all the class, the church members and almost all my 'chronic" patients came to "sung" us. We've no good English for that Chinese word for we do not have the custom. A guest on leaving must be occompanied at least to the big gate in the wall or a long ways down the street. There we had song and prayer and the elders went with us to the next village where that class was waiting. There after a song and prayer with them as we started to walk the twenty five li to get the bus came this great boom of fire crackers!

There will be quite a group to be baptized soon and a number later. We hope twenty or more. It has been such wonderful two months. Now I'll study for a month and in February go for another few months with occasional trips in for supplies. Will you pray for your work that we - you the home base and your representative-may bear great fruit as we work in this His glad service. Sincerely, Irene Forsythe.

## What's Up Your Sleeve?

This time-worn question in America has lost practically all of its literal meaning. Sleeves are just sleeves with an occasional handkerchief tucked in. These days some do not even bother to have sleeves. Not so in this ever-fascinating land of China! We still have sleeves, voluminous sleeves, plain sleeves, embroidered sleeves, long sleeves almost covering the hand, shorter sleeves now so modish for women, tight sleeves, and most common of all loose sleeves. The question "What's Up Your Sleeve" in its most literal meaning can be answered several ways in China.

The long loose sleeves of the ordinary Chinese garment furnish an excellent "carry-all". Many and varied are the articles that can be carried up the sleeve. There is a common Chinese saying which speaks of heaven and earth being carried in the sleeve. One might be asked if during an absence he had become rich. If he had not, the answer might be there is nothing in my sleeves but "c'hing feng". These two words mean a wind so clean that it has not the least dust in it. Going home with empty sleeves thus is a sign of poverty. Many times these weeks in country has some Chinese woman come to my room to call then, after a short visit, rising would say, "In my unworthy house there is nothing worthy to give the foreign teacher, but if you will not make fun of my poor gift I shall be very happy." Then from her perfectly innocent-looking sleeve she would draw a very precious gift of eggs, or peanuts, cookies, or perhaps sunflower seeds toasted brown and crisp all neatly tied up in a cloth. Several times from some friend's sleeves came the sweet potatoes, even cooked ones, which ever delighted me but which were given with most profuse apology, as they were to all the most common food and for many the only food they had. (Even those who have enough sweet potatoes to pass the winter are very fortunate in this poor section this famine-ridden year. Many hundreds of thousands will die in this year's famine unless relief comes soon.) The gifts they felt unworthy were to me sacrifices of love, and I never ceased to marvel at the convenience and capacity of the inner recesses of the sleeves.

I was so interested in the part sleeves played in a wedding ceremony which I witnessed. The groom had come in a red silk covered sedan-chair borne on coolie's shoulders to get the bride to take her to his home. Four men of the bride's family bowed before the

chair inviting him leave the chair. On leaving the chair he returned, the bow then entered bride's home where he met all of the family but the bride. Then preceded by professional musicians, the four men accompanied the groom to the homes of all of the bride's relatives where he bowed to them and to the ancestral tablets. At the last home he was given food "poa-tzu," a kind of steamed meat dumpling. At this village the custom is that he eat two bowls of them, no more, no less. At another village their custom is that the groom at this time may only eat the two ends of the dumpling, leaving meat in the center. On the groom's return to the bride's home and the bowing to her ancestral tablets was finished, he returned to the courtyard where I saw this ceremony. He was presented a tray on which were three tiny wine cups. He passed them one to the bride's brothers who completed the circle by placing them on the tray again. The bride had performed the same ceremony in an inner room for as yet they had not seen each other. Then came the exchange of handkerchiefs. One brother brought the bride's handkerchief carrying it up his sleeve. He put his hand far up the groom's sleeves, leaving the bride's handkerchief and taking the groom's back to the bride-still carrying it up his sleeve. It was cleverly done but I could see enough to understand the great importance of sleeves in a wedding ceremony. The groom then led the way to the chairs, followed by the bride and her attendants. Her face was covered so we could not see her but had ample time to see her beautiful red silk embroidered wedding garment. Her sleeves, too, attracted my attention. The were very wide at the cuffs, trimmed with a broad black silk band exquisitely embroidered in bright colors. The preparation of these sleeves together with the red silk shoes similarly embroidered was a tedious and very particular task for the bride-to-be.

This is also a novel use for sleeves. At a fair or market men bargaining for cows or any animal do not mention the price, but again the question "What's Up Your Sleeve?" could be asked. The seller puts his hand up the buyer's sleeve and the price is communicated by means of signs, either by the pressure of a certain number of fingers on the bare arm of the other or by the way one holds the other's fingers. For example, to hold the thumb means one hunderd dollars; the thumb and one finger mean two hundred dollars. The whole transaction can be carried on in secret up one of these most useful sleeves.

"What's Up Your Sleeve?" The years immediately ahead are vastly, important in the growth of Christ's Kingdom in China. China needs you and for some years yet needs your gifts. Reports come of falling off in giving and "cuts" in all branches of our work. China needs Christ and She needs your prayers Will you be true to Him whose broken heart of love can heal the broken hearts and the hungry souls of China? "What's Up Your Sleeve?" May it be an unswerving resolution to do your utmost for your Christ and for those who do not yet know Him as Saviour, Lord and King.

1928-29

3rd year

# OH, MAGNIFY THE LORD WITH ME !

Dear Loved-Ones and Prayer Helpers:

Three years in China have passed so rapidly that I am almost dizzy with their incredibly swift flight. Each year has brought increasing joy and happiness in acquiring this difficult language, in coming to understand in a measure this great land and its problems, in deeply loving it and its people, and seeing daily proofs of the working of the Holy Spirit. This year has surely been ideal, not without its problems to be sure, but so filled with our Lord's marvellous grace and blessing that I can only bow to Him in praise and adoration, still wondering why He has given to me this great joy, and chosen me to represent Him in this land.

"Where shall I His praise begin?" To write in detail of the joy of my three-room home, of the great kindness shown me by my fellow missionaries, of the privilege, inspiration, and joy of working with four unusually well-trained and deeply consecrated women evangelists, of the constant help of my Chinese teacher, a most sincere and earnest Christian, and of my country life,-that is impossible. I can at best, give you only a glimpse of the six and a half month that I have, wearing Chinese clothes and eating Chinese food, actually lived out in our country territory. I can only mention the intervening intervals of intensive language work, and then a month for a joyous strength-renewing vacation at Tai Shan. However I do want to share with you some of the experiences and sights, and let you too feel the glory and the joy of walking with Him and seeing Him at work in this land, where if we lack that vision of His glory, power and ultimate success, we might be utterly swamped by the very conditions which only His power can change. Especially with you, who with loving gifts of money and prayer are enabling me to be here, I long to share a bit of the joy of it all--a task beyond my pen--but I begin.

I have already told you of our country field with its women's work for a number of years untouched. Although surrounding the strategic modern city of Tsingtao, it is to a great extent pioneer territory with its more than four thousand villages without a single Christian living in them. I have already been the literal "bug under the microscope"; the first foreign woman to visit a number of these villages. So far we have been free from anti-Christian and anti-foreign movements and have had extremely cordial receptions and interested listeners in out-lying villages as well as in the Christian centers where we have lived. The teacher once remarked that when I wrote to friends in America my report would differ greatly from that of those who suffered in the South because I had been received as a princess or a queen. It is true--my experiences of the wonderful hospitality of these Chinese friends are just precious--especially when I know the economis conditions, the narrow margin of existence of the country folk, and that expressions of friendliness have often been given at a sacrifice.

Two evangelists go together to a church at its request and I go with them in turns. Since last September we have travelled by bus, train, mule-back, in covered springless carts, and by wheelbarrows over more than two hundred and fifty miles, spending from three to six weeks in a place. Days so full--full of evangelistic meetings, Bible classes, visitation, receiving callers, relieving in a small way physical suffering and the never-ending studying with the teacher preparing for the next day's duties--that it is small wonder you have not sooner received answers to your letters.

Most of the Chinese New Year celebrations were over but still a few days remained before the end of the only holiday in the year for a great many people in China. Crowds dressed in New Year best, younger women with bright flowers in their hair, thronged the two courtyards of the church and school at Tai Chih Chuang where we had come to hold a class. A stage erected for a troupe of travelling actors was near the church and the great crowd such a performance draws in China surged into the church and into our room. News of the arrival of a foreign woman and a foreign guitar travelled fast. Before I was up people crowded the rooms. That day I sang a simple gospel message and played the guitar by the hour, and was fairly eaten alive by hundreds of pairs of eyes of old, young, men, and women; some looked half fearingly, others in wonder, and still others gaped in open curiosity. At last I ate lunch for a packed house, although Elder Wang had cleared the room twice. Privacy was impossible; A few old ladies who seated themselves on the bench with me to watch had a taste

of prunes and cheese, which they carefully tucked in a pocket to divide with the aged members of the family. The evangelists were doing their best to talk to the crowd but at last despaired. They just wanted to see; I had only to move and a crowd surrounded me. It was better after the first day; many came daily until the class was finished. Here I taught my first Bible Class, Matthew, in Chinese. It was hard and took hours of preparation, but I, at least, enjoyed it. This with a class for Christians in hymn-singing, taking my turn leading morning prayer service, receiving callers, many coming from some distance, and dispensing medicine made happy full days. Once we were asked to visit a girl who had attempted suicide by drinking opium because she was unhappy about her coming marriage. Miss Wang talked to her and the others who crowded on the mud platform which made the bed, and into the room, telling her the sin of suicide and of the better way. We could tell from the remarks of the others that most of them had at some time contemplated the same thing. Many said, "Well, we won't do it then." The lot of women here is bitter indeed and great numbers seek this form of relief.

Graves in China are high cone shaped mounds, those of one family grouped in a grove if possible or just on the plain outside the village. On the fifteenth day of the first month we walked to the city wall to see them. I shall long remember the glittering lovliness of the sight. A great golden moon was rising and the cities of the dead were alight. The plain had become a glimmering fairyland as far as the eye could reach. Tiny lighted lamps of bean oil had been placed on the top of each grave to call the spirits who had been roaming at will during the New Year's season back to the grave and also, by some magic power, to draw away the worms which had come to the body in the year. It was touching since for some it was doubtless an expression of love or filial piety. For others, perhaps, it was only conformity to old custom and prompted by fear not coming from a sincere heart. The scene of beauty was extremely saddening for it spoke of the vast numbers living up the best that they knew--but how great is that darkness!

One day an unusual beating of drums and display of banners led me, camera in hand, to see a group of some twenty men holding up on poles a stuffed cloth, painted to resemble a dragon with a gorgeous big head made of green and gold paper on a light bamboo frame. The red lining of the gaping mouth and fiery tongue added to its ferosity. The top of the leader's pole was wrapped in a round ball to resemble the fiery pearl which in all of the representations the proverbial dragon is chasing. With this rod the leader directed the men, who with upward and downward swinging of the arms, made it writhe beautifully. To the clang of cymbals it writhed around the "mai tzu ku" (wheat aunt), an idol of a lesser divinity who gives good crops, seated in state with her attendants in a decorated sedan chair. In front of the chair were offerings of paper money and coppers given in worship to the idol. By the side of the chair was a tablet bearing Chinese characters exhorting all to thus gain merit and favor. To my surprise the idol, attendants, and chair were entirely made of paper and on the twenty-first day of the first month were all, with quantities of paper and incense, to be burned. The god was to ascend in the smoke to Heaven to plead for good crops for the worshippers. The class here ended with a number of new inquirers and the Christians fired with a new zeal for the Master.

The two weeks in Huo Li Chuang were fruitful and exceedingly interesting. As is usual in so many villages in China, here practically all in the village had the same and were all related. The story of the beginning of the church here is most interesting. Mrs. Fan, now eighty-four years old, was the first to believe. She with her six sons and little girl went from door to door begging food. She most devotedly worshipped every god or idol persistently seeking for the peace they could not give. Her little girl, her treasure, was ill so she trudged to all known shrines and to any new ones she heard of pleading for her recovery. On the road one day she heard Dr. Corbett, the venerable pioneer of this region, preaching by the roadside. She heard the words of Christ, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." That was just what she had sought so long in vain. She listened spellbound and instantly believed. She talked later with Dr. Corbett who told her to ask Jesus according to His will to cure the little girl or to take her but through it all to give her peace. The little girl died but the peace of the mother was a great testimony to the whole heathen village as all know how she treasured her. Because of her new belief she suffered untold persecution, both mental and

physical, but nothing moved her. The Master richly blessed her and as her sons grew she acquired land. All of her family later became Christians; it is her sons' families who make up the present church. She did what was unheard of in the early years, established a school in her home for the girls and the daughters-in-law. Teaching a Bible class here was a great joy since there is a good sized group that can read. Among her descendants are preachers, teachers, and some splendid Christian business men. One of the evangelists with whom I work is her granddaughter. My name is the same as theirs, Fan, so from the first they claimed me as one of them. At first old Mrs. Fan called me her adopted daughter, taking the place of the little girl who had died. It was quite an experience suddenly to acquire a family of over forty persons, to be related to a whole village, and to be called aunt, greataunt, sister or cousin, especially by many older than I. At least it may help me to learn the complicated terms of Chinese relationship.

Mrs. Fan wanted to give me several acres of land, but since it was all divided she insisted on giving me a very large fine morror, her much prized possession. I did not want to accept it but to refuse would have greatly offended her, so when, as I left, she, like a queen holding court, called all of her daughters-in-law to her room to wrap it for me, I followed the Chinese custom for such an event and later sent my faithful cook with a present of several suits of very nice clothes. She is truly a wonderful old lady; her faith and prayer life shame me. I am proud of my Chinese mother and newly acquired family.

One morning, with luggage piled on wheelbarrow and cart, we bade farewell to the large group of Christians, new members of the class, and villagers who came to see us off. With the teacher and the cook I slowly went across country where I was to meet the other evangelists. The wheat a few inches high carpeted the plains with a new green coat and the warmth of Spring made the trip a delight. The carter greatly feared that the soldiers might take his cart and mule as we passed through a busy market town but we were not molested. I had a new experience in this place as the Biblewomen were delayed a few days leaving me to do what I could alone. The experience was invaluable. As it was impossible for me to open regular classes my guitar and gospel choruses were my helpers. Groups came to see but before they left had heard the Gospel story set to a Chinese tune and not a few learned to sing it. Numbers of children came and before we left one could hear this song being sung all over the village. At nights crowds of men came to the church and the teacher held a meeting for them. These few days I had an opportunity to try out what must be in the future the method of country evangelism, just living among the people making use of the common contacts of life to introduct the Saviour.

From my diary--today is C'ing Ming Spring Festival. As far as we can see the cities of the dead are filled with the living, gone to worship the spirits of the dead and to invite them to come home to celebrate the feast. These wearing the white of mourning can be seen most clearly across the plain. The graves of the recent dead were visited two days ago and the women went yesterday, so the men of the family came today, carrying a large tray on which we saw five or ten, according to the wealth of the family, bowls filled with rice, vegetables, fish, also a pot of wine or water, and chopsticks. We followed the man to see him worship at the grave. He placed the tray on a small stone altar in front of it, burned a few sheets of paper, placed three lighted incense sticks upright on the side of the grave, poured a little water on the ground, and then he and his sons bowed three times to the ground. After this he carried the food home to be eaten by the family. By a great number that we saw it was done too casually to appear to be more than a form. The water was used to call the soul from the ground and the smoke to call the spirit.

A Christian from a near-by village called one morning to beg us to come for a few days even to his village where he was the only believer. Although it was not in our itinerary we went. He is a man of some wealth and not only insisted on providing all of our food for the two days we stayed but rented a new tent for our meetings. The people were unusually eager and attentive. The first day several hundred packed and overflowed the tent and stood, even women on tiny bound feet, for a three-hour service with a high wind covering all with dust. I thought of the ease and luxury at home, and the difference. It would have been difficult to distinguish "the white woman" for after a few minutes we all were literally "children of the dust". The second day the most earnest inquirers were taught at home while we still had great crowds at the tent. We were sure there were

souls born into the kingdom those days who had never heard before. Ch the joy of it and how the weariness and the seeming hardships were lost in the wonder of His glory. Longing to stay, we were once more packed on wheelbarrows--off to the next appointment.

Bandits and war have disturbed much country work this year in China but we have been unusually fortunate. Only once was work interrupted. At one place the Biblewomen with whom I would have been but for a delayed letter lost almost all of their things and, led by the Master in a very remarkable way, barely escaped capture and perhaps death.

All plans were made, the bedrolls and baskets were ready for a trip to Laomi territory when news came that we could not go. There was fighting in Kaomi city. It was finally decided to go on, and if on arrival at the railway station we found trouble we should return. That made this trip a bit exciting, not knowing just what we might meet. I made my will, (not so serious a proceeding as one might think but a mere routine requirement which I should have met long ago for the convenience and information of others, because without it there is often complication in the consular court) and was fully advised that a nonresistance policy was necessary in dealing with soldiers and bandits. The excitement was however mostly in the anticipation. On arrival we learned that the battle was just an officer's dispute and all was peaceful although at nights we could hear the shots and sounds of looting in the city. The Church and smaller buildings formerly built for a Bible school and Christian day schools surrounding smaller courtyards were within a high wall outside the city proper. Here many of the gentry and hundreds of the poor brought all of their families and valuables for protection. Practically all were non-Christians but said that the god there could protect them. For weeks hundreds slept securely behind the big iron gates. A marvelous opportunity! A great number of folk with no work except to cook two meals each day, ready to learn about the God whom they believed could protect them. Local Christians had begun well and it was a joy to work with them. To see the large church well filled for early morning prayers was surely a joy. After a week of evangelistic services groups met for special study. Later the elder announced that as a result of those weeks there were forty believers to prepare for baptism and a wonderful new spirit of consecration among the Christians. Who but the Lord could do such a wonderful work!

Come to see the woman who became a goddess! This was my first contact with that ascetic form of Buddhism whose devotees, by a rigid vegetarian diet gradually reduced to starvation and by sitting for hours and hours trying to suppress all desires and physical or spiritual response to any external stimulus, hope to reach nirvana or a state of reincarnation. The idea is that to hear or see anything beautiful or to eat anything pleasing to the taste will steal away part of the spirit. We went to see the grave of a disciple who had become a goddess. She had died at the good old age of eighty-one by this starvation method and since she had died in a sitting posture they put her in a large Chinese water jar and by a clever method peculiar to China fastened a second one on for a cover. The cement on the outside was painted white and decorated with flowers and Chinese ideographs giving details of her death. It looked very much like an enormous Easter egg! We were impressed by the faith expressed by her family and some neighbors who are following her and burning incense before the Easter egg. A great faith but in what?

The pagoda, built for a girl who died in this way at the age of thirty-one just outside of the city, was even more interesting. Three years before death she had not spoken and followers came some years before she died to burn incense, kou-tow and leave a few tunzers in worship. A woman whom I know was one of her most devoted disciples. One day just before her death the girl spoke to her, telling her that she was not worthy to be her leader as her heart had found no peace, that she was still in darkness and she had not found the way to Heaven. Later a Biblewoman told this lady of the Saviour's dying love and saving power and told her to pray that she might be shown the way of truth. After ten days Jesus as Lord was so definitely revealed to her that she of her own conviction put away the family gods and the table of food offered to them. She came to the class to study for a few days bringing others with her. I shall not soon forget her radiantly happy face nor her praising God for the privilege of study and for the relief we gave from pain of a toothache. She has truly found peace and Him who is The Way. Compare the freedom we have in Christ with

this ascetic Buddhism. "He gives us all things richly to enjoy", the beauty of nature and music, but these followers thus deprive themselves of all of these blessings, and blindly groping hope to attain merit in the world to come, utterly ignorant of the Christ who gave Himself that they might have abundant Life. Are we Christians not to blame? Have you done ALL that you could?

As we go from group to group, there are discouragements, it is true, but it is an inspiration to know the loyal earnest Christians in so many places. A grandson was very ill and the grandfather prayed for his recovery. Soon the lad was well and his name was changed. Names have a meaning in China and may be changed very frequently. His nameswas changed to Kanen, thankful for grace, but still feeling that that was not a sufficient expression of thankfulness the grandfather gave money to pay the salary of a full-time evangelist for that village. We were royally entertained by the family on our visit there.

I can only mention a visit of the Biblewomen where a large group carried their benches every evening to a courtyard. They listened eagerly and asked questions for several hours each time. At the close of the time twenty-nine signed their names as sincerely believing and wishing for further instruction. At another heathen village, where our going at first met with most bitter opposition from the members of the family of the old lady, the only Christian there, in whose home we slept on a hot mud bed in July, after the first day of preaching and doctoring sore eyes, we were given a most attentive hearing and cordially invited to live in the public hall, used only for the worship of ancestors at New Year. The entire family of the wealthy and influential headman of the village and a number of others said that they believed. The teacher of the old-time local school asked for and promised to read every day a Pocket Testament. He said, "Who would not believe this if they only understand." After the meeting while I was doing what I could for the physical ailments of over a hundred that day I heard him explaining all we had said to a new group and urging them to believe. I have never seen a more evident work of the Holy Spirit than the way opposition melted and hearts were turned in the three days spent there. The old lady's family were the most enthusiastic of all and the son gave up that time from farming to listen and when we left pushed our wheelbarrow several li. For those seeking signs that God is and is working still in the world I could offer many more but will you just ask God to open your eyes to see that the world is filled with miracles and the greatest of all is His patient yearning love for mankind.

You know already the beginning of the dispensary, if I dare call it that, to which I have referred. I well know that it is professionally unethical, but I also know the heart-breaking need of these thousands and those whom I can not relieve, and I can only do a wee mite, most likely will suffer on. I know too that the contents of the medicine box often amazingly effective even to me, is to these untouched a concrete evidence that what we preach of love is true, and it is for me, a foreigner, a mighty big wedge in breaking down the barriers of race distinction. It is my best proof, at first, that I come as one of them, not as a superior. If I have once heard I have heard a thousand times this surprised remark, so expressive but so difficult to translate, "Just look! she is not too proud or superior to care about or associate with us and will even treat an offensive wound for nothing." This remark is often said as if just the opposite attitude was to be expected. What barriers must be overcome! Only His love can do it. Beside the help of the nurse friend, in the winter a sympathetic doctor spent no little time answering my questions, telling me symptoms and specific treatment for what I was likely to find that I could treat, and helping me to get the needed medicine. I do not claim to know much but I have learned to recognize certain of the commonest diseases and eye troubles. The blessings of those medicines have made me feel that it is vastly worth while and I am sure the day of miracles is not over yet. At one place especially, in a few days after clearing up empetigo covering a girl's nose and cheeks, and the same thing covering the bodies of two babies, treating a little girl's badly scalded face and neck so that there was not a scar, and a little girl's eyes, I had gained a reputation for miles around enviable, but difficult to live up to. Sore eyes--China has them, all kinds, even those in our field could fully occupy several specialists. I've had the joy of curing a great many though. After being in a new place for a few days most of the incurables and chronics of the village and nearby villages come for

medicine but even though I cannot cure their bodies we have the opportunity to tell them of the Great Physician. I have not kept a record of the numbers treated but usually from four to six hours each day outside our regular schedule, often with the help of the Biblewoman, the teacher and I were busy either giving medicine and instruction or explaining to those outside our line just why we could not cure them. Patients often rode or walked for miles to ask for help. One day as I stopped to rest in a strange village to break the long wheelbarrow ride, a man came up to ask me to look at his eyes and cure him. In comparison with the need I cannot even speak of this little side-line, but if I had to day after day see it and could not relieve my own heart by doing what I can and only doing what I know, I know I should simply break seeing the suffering. Oh why do not more doctors and nurses hear the call? We have hospitals insufficiently staffed not to speak of these country areas.

The weeks between country trips in Tsingtao have been full too, covering the requirements of the language course. Have finished almost all of the required work for the third year. Credit given for teaching Matthew for a month in the country and leading twenty-five services in Chinese has helped some. Life is becoming so much more enjoyable with the increasing ability to talk. Strange for a woman, isn't it? But just think there is a Chinese proverb that says one may study until one is eighty and still there is much more to be learned, and I have only begun!

There my story must come to an end. My letter is too long, I'm sorry. Will you forgive me? I always decide to write oftener but each time many duties prevent. Next time I surely will try to. I want to thank you prayer helpers. Your prayers are being answered but only in "drops"; please plead for "showers" of blessing. Will you not pledge to Him more time for intercession for China, her government, the problems facing Christian education, the students wandering in the maze of the old and the new for a great turning to Christ among all classes, and for workers to reap the harvest already white! Please pray much for me, your representative, that I may be an empty vessel which He can fill and overflow to needy hearts making them beautiful and victorious for His glory. I'M counting on YOU. Your prayers determine results over here.

Irene Forsythe
2 Tsi Yang Road
Tsingtao, Shantung
China.

Printed in Canada.

SEPTEMBER 1929 TO JANUARY 1930.

Dear Friends:

The reasons for the long silence are many. The report of last year in the country was written in September and these four months has been caught by the political whirlpool, an eddy of which, the anti-Christian movement at Tsinan, caused the delay of printing and eventually the closing of the press and the return of the manuscript. I must try again. At least we learn patience in China. My long trips to the country have also delayed the printing and sending.

The shuttle of time seems to be exceeding its speed limit; January has almost gone. After the return from summer vacation I moved to three rooms in the Chandler home. A study, bedroom and kitchen are home and headquarters to which I come for a few days between country trips; read the accumulated papers and letters which I have no chance to answer; have a little foreign contact; and get new supplies of food and books to prepare for the next month or six weeks in the country. When I do come in I feel like a chameleon on a piece of plaid cloth, for truly I am living in two entirely different worlds. Then when I spend hours on a pile of Christmas mail and packages (thank you, dear friends, for remembering--it means more than I can express) I live again at home with you all, and that makes three worlds. At least it avoids monotony!

Since the middle of September I have been in town all together not a month. Just before the peanut and sweet potato harvest with two Biblewomen I went to the northern part of the field to live for five weeks. At one place the believers and church attendants were mostly men so the work among the women was much needed. The three weeks there were a joy. The women had classes in the daytime. Then at night when the noisy ever-present children were all asleep, and the moonlight made soft and beautiful the jarring sights of the daytime, in the refreshing still coolness great crowds squatted on the clean-swept threshing floor--like the threshing floor the Bible speaks of. They listened to the songs, accompanied by the guitar, and the old, old story, ever new, of God and his love to men. I had such good times in some of the homes where they let me help with the daily routine. Squatted before the low mud stove with its large iron bowl-like pan, using dried grass or kaoliang stocks for fuel, I learned how to make the millet cakes, to prepare the indespensible salty vegetable and garlic and to make the famous "paotzu", meat and vegetable dumplings. From the fields outside the village wall I helped carry in the great baskets of dried leaves and grass which the children or daughters-in-law, on tiny bound feet, (none in this village as yet have obeyed the order to unbind them) have trudged a long distance and spent hours raking up. Every sprig is used and it is only by such rigid economy that a few acres can support so many people. When I went with them to dig sweet potatoes and carry in the baskets they were even more surprised. These simple contacts are just invaluable in making friends and in coming to understand the life and problems. These were fruitful days and later the minister told us that he had examined fifteen for baptism.

On one-wheeled barrows pulled by a small mule and pushed by a man, with the rythmic characteristic squeak for entertainment, we rode

for a long day to one village. On arriving we found conditions not peaceful and the minister unwilling to take the responsibility for us, and also felt that for the work's sake we should come at a later time. So at his direction we "squeaked" back the next day over the same road. One hundred and twenty li in two days on barrows made us thoroughly appreciate washpan and bed. Then on to another village where again days were filled with visits to surrounding villages, relieving as much as possible of the physical suffering, visiting in the homes, tucking in a few hours of language study, and again at the close of a busy day telling the story to the crowds that came to the court-yard. Much of the work of these days was seed sowing in new territory; the harvest will come in His time.

An especially good opportunity was given in one village. Here an earnest Christian man manages a workshop where twenty girls sort, inspect, and tie in bunches hairnets that are made by hundreds of little girls out in the villages for the American market. We were there but a few days but besides the meetings with them we had a chance to witness to the numbers of non-Christians that filled the room each night.

One of the most interesting classes was held in December at one of the most distant churches. Two days over bottomless muddy roads in a springless cart, a sort of a miniature "prairie schooner" or "Covered Wagon", covering quite as many miles going up and down as going forward, brought us to Liu Chia Chu. We were soon settled in the two empty rooms given us (we must carry all that we use with us) and the class began. Over fifty were divided in three classes, one for men, one for Christians who could read, and one for non-Christians, inquirers, and Christians who could not read. The difficulties and hindrances were many. After a few days it rained and rained some more, but mud several inches thick did not lessen the attendance. Then it snowed and turned bitter cold, but there seemed to be just a hungering and thirsting spirit. Enough heated mud beds were offered and crowded on the warm k'ang their enthusiasm defied the cold. A nest of some seventy bandits have that place as a center.

One morning just at daylight shots were fired from the village wall and we knew that soldiers had come to capture the bandits. We said, "No class today", but our faith was too small. Soldiers entered every home to search for guns and ammunition. Six or seven entered our rooms but did not even open our suitcases. One said to me, "Did you not come to protect the bandits?" I assured him that I had not. Another asked whether the tin cans of provisions on the table did not contain bullets. It was interesting that in a situation that might justify fright we had not the least fear. It was just the peace of God. The excitement had subsided and we were eating breakfast when the Elder came with the news that my language teacher who was sleeping in the school at the other side of the village had been taken captive, and asked me to go to identify him. In a new role as deliverer I went with him to a large courtyard. All of those taken by the soldiers were guarded by soldiers. The officer was very courteous; asked my worthy country and my reason for being there; released the teacher, the members of the church and the class; gave me his name card and accompanied us out of the courtyard. We in America can hardly realize the unusual importance of the name card in China. It amused me greatly. Card in hand, I went home followed by thirty or more released captives. Later the soldiers left and we held our belated morning service.

Just at the close we heard four shots and soon learned that the bandit leader who was not caught had come to the home of a man and shot him in cold blood. The victim formerly was a very close friend, but had had words and the bandit leader suspected that he had squealed and called the soldiers. That made the situation even more tense but we felt we should not leave and were surely glad we had not for after that even more came to classes. Apparent peace followed, but more demands for money by bandits and fear led almost all of the non-Christians to leave. For a few nights many put all possessions in big carts and slept out in the fields outside the village. They later went to other villages. The last few nights the watchman who ordinarily made the rounds and by the number of taps on his hollow wooden rattle told off the night watches also left. Over all was a deserted stillness. We were kept through it all in perfect peace and safety until after Christmas when the class ended. Since we knew all that could easily have happened and that has happened before in a similar situation we were even more grateful to the Master for His protection.

At the earnest request of the church we stayed an extra week and had a gloriously happy Christmas day with this group. Preparation for Christmas made the days full. The students in the primary school prepared songs; the men's class put on a play; and the church group dramatized the Christmas story. The night before Christmas we decorated our room and made our last preparations for Christmas dinner. Again the cook made a name for himself by the nice food that he prepared. Although it was not safe to go out to sing carold the Biblewomen and I began our day at four o'clock and sang all of the Christmas songs in hymnal. After then reading the Christmas story and prayer we opened our packages. A small paper machee Santa and steamed pudding added a foreign touch to the day. The church was festive with appropriate Christmas panels in Chinese characters, paper festoons and pine boughs. At the morning worship, a gift service, baskets of sweet potatoes, clothes, and money were given for the poor.

The news of the preparation for the afternoon brought a crowd that overflowed the church. Some of the bandits came. After about an hour of the crowding, talking, crying of children and general disorder which some of the bandits and rough element made worse, we decided not to present the Christmas story. It was best not to say too much to them, so we just closed the meeting. They knew that the program was not complete, so not until we left taking the camel's head and angel wings were they willing to disperse. At dusk, although ordinarily we could not meet at night, the leaders decided to have the pageant. That night, in most striking contrast with the afternoon service in the packed house, there was perfect order and reverence throughout the whole service. Even at the appearance of the yellow and gray camel there was no laughter. It had been told around that if there was disorder again we would not give the pageant. It portrayed the consecutive events in the story of Christ's birth given by Scripture, song and a little added conversation from the annunciation to the visit of the wise men. It was such a joy to see the spirit of reverence, and it was presented well indeed. The camel's head, the big lighted red star, angel's wings, and the flock of sheep made of fur coats turned inside out with towels for head covering and the ends twisted into horns, the lantern and flashlight for the "glory of the Lord"all were so much more effective at night that we were glad for the postponement. Such a real victory over Satan's opposition made our hearts glad and closed a very happy day. It was such a prililege

to be out in the country with these friends to keep our most sacred festival and my heart again flowed in praise and wonder that to me is given such joy and opportunity.

I mention the farewell meeting given us by the church because it shows in a small way how the Gospel has changed the status of China's women. We were invited to seats of honor at the long flower decorated tables where we were served cakes, candy, peanuts and tea. Only women were seated and the men served. This is just the opposite of the old Chinese custom which gives the women the most inferior place. She serves the men first and then eats last. In the large family system the good food and vegetables are for the men only. That a large group of women should thus be seated eating the nice cakes and cookies and to be served by the men, to a non-Christian is unexplainable, unthinkable, but to us who have the glorious liberty of the Master, it is only the natural fruit of His redeeming and uplifting love.

On the morning that we left the whole group went with us outside the village wall to see us off and we surely were reluctant to leave--but there were other villages on beyond which have need perhaps even greater than this one. Packed in a big open cart, we went north facing a biting wind, but we soon were warm and comfy, all under the shelter of my big fur coat. While at Sung Ke Chuang a record breaking cold wave came and I surely was grateful for warm fur-lined garments and felt shoes. We heated the K'ang and were able to be fairly comfortable. Through that seven weeks of most trying weather I was perfectly well, without a cold even, and my Chinese food is making me fat. It is such a joy to be here to witness for our Blessed Saviour.

My desk drawer is full of unanswered letters. I will be unable to write personal notes again this time. I go out soon again. Our itinerary is planned so that for the most of the time until August I will be out in the country. All of your loving messages and prayers are precious to me and in the long intervals between letters none are forgotten. Will you forgive and accept a printed letter in reply to yours? Your prayers are being answered but please do not forget. We need more of your help. Our task is simply tremendous but we have an All-Sufficient God to do the Work. Without this assurance we surely could not dare to even try to face the responsibilities.

China needs your prayers!

Sincerely, Irene Forsythe
2 Tsi Yang Road
Tsingtao, Shantung
China.

Printed in Canada.

Stella + Seane
— material for
your scrap basket

"That my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

February to June 1930

Immediately after Chinese New Year, the last of January this year, with its days of holiday for the poorest coolie even is the best time for evangelistic work in the country. We went by train to Kaomi, were entertained by Christians there, and met by four wheelbarrows to take us to a country church forty li away. This place stands out for the crowds that filled the big building twice a day for two weeks to sing and listen, and for the exceptional order and attention, exceptional for non-Christian audiences, which was kept by the elder who from the first day personally escorted all noisy ones to the outside. I took my turn with the two women evangelists speaking to the non-Christian audiences. This is one of the most difficult parts of our work for foreigners to do effectively, especially for beginners. I enjoyed it at least, I will not speak for them, but in it all I was very conscious of the Master's help. Much visiting in the homes was done but the time was far too short. Trains were so crowded that no one could enter a car so, altho the night was bitterly cold, we sat on our luggage on the open car platform to return to Tsingtao. Again we were grateful for warm fur-lined garments.

Again we went forty li from the railroad, this time in a springless small edition of a prairie schooner to Shih Kou where we held classes for a month, for the Christians and also visited the neighboring villages. My part was to teach the gospel of John each morning and afternoon. This class was surely a joy. They were so eager and sincere and what feasts we had together! How true it is that "everybody's heart is hungry" and what can satisfy that hunger but "THE BREAD OF LIFE". These days, besides taking turn conducting the daily service, I studied regularly four hours a day on Chinese. The sword of Damocles is ever above us and that time it was in the form of Wen-LI, the literary language differing so much from the spoken. How wonderful it would be--but an idle dream--not to have to study Chinese. I thoroughly enjoy it but there so many demands that it is hard to get in.

Here we received such encouraging news of the place of which I wrote last, the place where we spent Christmas. Three ministers led a group of the young women who had been in our classes, to form voluntary preaching bands. They covered a wide circuit, the ministers holding training classes for the girls in the evening and all holding classes in the village, for both men and women, in the daytime. This year in this field there have been three outstanding non-Christian villages where there has been a remarkable work of the Holy Spirit and this group was one of these places, Hsiao Yin. Over twenty were baptised and a great number enrolled as inquirers.The work of this group is especially significant. It was entirely initiated and managed by them--a sort of spontaneous expansion--and it was highly effective. This spirit is just what we long to see in every church and until there is such a spirit as this the field can never be touched. That is the basis of a really indigineous church.

It was at this time that we heard too of an old lady who came to class at TaHsin Ta in November. She was so notoriously bad that the Christians said, "Can she believe in Jesus?" Alas how that is our attitude and the extent of our faith. She was at her own confession living with a man not her husband, was profane of the profane, and had stolen many things. In her home she had sort of an altar to some god and many came to her to consult this god for cures, for seeking the lost spirits of children and to cure diseases. She had for years cursed Christians and refused to hear anything about Jesus. Her grandson who was being helped by local Christians in the school needed warm clothes and she was too poor to buy them. The gift of these necessities brought her to the class with a bag of peanuts to express her thanks. She stayed to listen and afterward came regularly but even at the end of the class many doubted her profession of belief. Later we heard the sequel. She sent off the man, tore out the altar and marvel of all she would not swear. She said, "I am going to follow Jesus and I cannot swear at you." Neighbors teased her ceaselessly and even took her chicken as a final test to see whether or not she would swear. She was tried

to the point of weeping but she did not swear; she said, "I want to follow Jesus and I cannot swear at you. Please give me back my chicken." She confessed definite thefts of a pair of trousers and a chicken, telling the pastor the exact times and places and asked what she should do, just heartbroken over it. She sold a few sweet potatoes, her only food probably, so she could have a few coppers for the Christmas offering. Her prayer is most striking.She,tho poor, did not ask for wealth but,using the commonest speech of the illiterate, words that would never be heard in the minister's prayers, prayed, "Lord, give me enough intelligence just to be able to talk with you.If I can't talk with you my heart has no peace." How much we may learn from her prayer and how different our lives might be if our only desire were just to be able to commune with our Master! The gospel is surely the power of God and there must have been joy in the presence of the angels over this woman.

From March until June we made a large circuit with only a few days in Tsingtao to get supplies and take half of my Wen-li exam. Rains made the one day trip to Mao Chia Ling take two days, but I had the chance to stay over night in my Chinese home and see again my Chinese mother. The next morning the most amusing thing happened. The man put the saddle on the mule very early intending to cinch it when I got on, but he forgot and as I turned the corner all beneath me began to slide and I landed unhurt in several inches of soft mud. As it had not soaked through my padded garment I got up and went on. However later it dried and after going a village and hearing them all laughingly remark, "Oh, she fell off in the mud",I took off the outer mud-covered layer. I arrived to find a newly ceiled, newly papered room, fixed as for a bride, assigned to me. Several bystanders and later the owner all said that it had been fixed especially for me. I could not understand it because the only two Christians in the village had borrowed this room from non-Christians. If I felt flattered it was not for long as I later found out the real reason for my grandeur. The sons of the family had been bandits the year before and the guilt had been traced to this family by the marked ransom money given. The sons had to flee and the family was in disgrace. That I was living there and that people were coming there for the meetings restored their "face", reputation, and that was why they had fixed so nicely for me. The woman said, "Last year our heads hung down but now since you have come we can lift them up." We ordinarily avoid bandits but here I was living in the home of one and the comfort bought with ransom money most likely. Life in China is varied.

Here in this village of some five hundred families,there was a most conspicuous work of the Holy Spirit. In September on my way home I spent a day and a night in this place with the two discouraged Christians, the only ones and the village had never been touched at all. It was funny for they were evidently so very puzzled as to what to do with me--a foreigner and a woman "no way to tell what she would do." The Biblewomen had gone to their homes so only the teacher and cook were with me. I was first escortd to the public guesthall in connection with the temple and very ceremoniously served tea by the priest. When later I told them I had my own food there was marked relief and then when I asked to sleep with the Christian woman on her mud bed she was overjoyed. All of that day we were beseiged with crowds; and the contents of the medicine box soon was gone. Again at night we had a wonderful meeting , so quiet and eager were they to hear for the first time of a better way. This opened the way for the three weeks visit in March. On our return we found an old lady who had heard for the first time on that September day had believed instantly. She said, "Fortunately you came that time. I did not know before but now I believe and pray." She gave me her moulds used to print the shape of a cash on paper used at New Year in the worship of heaven. From the first great crowds continued to come and manifested unusual interest. They did not care to hear the victrola but wished to listen to the messages. Homes were opened and we were invited to go to preach to the crowd that soon filled the courtyard. Thus the whole village was touched. The eagerness and ability to sing the songs taught I have not seen equalled by Christian groups. At last many wanted to give names as inquirers. Twenty were carefully chosen and the rest told to wait to prove their sincerity.The husband of the one Christian woman who had formerly persecuted her bitterly, became a radiant,happy believer. He was a changed man and his facial expression was proof. He is not rich, but is planning to sell a few acres of land to buy property for a church.

The local Buddhist priest, my cordial host the first time I went there, studied the New Testament and secretly confessed belief to Mr. Coonradt who came for a few days and lived in the same room with the priest. The open confession will come later. Since the close of the meetings the group of believers has met each night in the Christians home to sing and to study for baptism in the fall. Recent reports are that they are still meeting regularly. I will probably spend Christmas there this year. Two weddings are planned for then. It will be an event to help with the first Christian wedding in that village.

From here we walked to the village where twenty some girls sort hair nets. The Christian proprietor gave them two hours a day for class and in turn they speeded up so that they accomplished as much and some days more than the usual amount of work. These classes the Biblewomen carried mostly. I had a full study schedule and besides spent from two to three hours a day answering the demands on my medicine box. This was a great experience. Soon after breakfast old and young women came and waited until there was quite a group. They came in and squatted on the dirt floor, and after their curiosity had been satisfied about my age(no secrets like that over here)my family in America, my bed covers, and the multitude of things that they ask about all in the kindest, friendly interest they would listen to the gospel story. If there is anything that tries ones Chinese it is to talk with old ladies who have never been away from home nor perhaps have never seen a foreigner. One may succeed in general conversation but to really get the gospel message over to them,especially the first time--well,that is my unrealized ambition.To teach them is so satisfying tho once they really understand. Really we have no conception of the emptiness of millions of China's women. Here I lived alone in a room outside the wall and the Bible women were inside to hold the meetings at night. My desk, dressing table and catch-all was a large Chinese wooden coffin which was stored there waiting for the owner to need it.

On, on to Chang Kuan Chai and its surrounding villages. In one of them Miss Chou was talking to a group about the custom which they have of burning paper to give deceased loved ones money to use in the spirit world and pointing out that it is useless and a waste of money and wrong. One old lady suddenly asked,"Is that true? I did not know that. I have no sons or daughters to give me money after death so I have been burning all that I could, hoping that it would be saved up for my future use. I spend every bit of extra money that I can on paper to burn. You say it is wrong and God is not pleased. Why didn't you tell me before?" Miss Chou assured her it was not too late, much to her relief. She rose abruptly saying, "All right, that is ended. I'll burn no more paper", and left the courtyard.

On the way to Ku Hsien we passed a temple with a most interesting origin. Years ago when a great city, whose ramparts are all that are left to identify it, was being built many came from the south to help in the construction. A wife and her sister-in-law came from the south to find the former's husband. After some time the sister attributed the failure to the lack of sincerity of the wife. The wife then, to prove her fidelity, went to the nearest stream and cut out her heart to wash it. When the sister saw this she also took her life. This temple was built in memory of these two. That day crowds surged in to burn paper and incense and to drone over unintelligible sentences. Is it surprising that hearts are hungry? They call this "The temple for the cleansing of the heart." The need for the cleansing is recognized but what of the method? They know nothing of Him who is waiting to make the heart pure that it may see God.

We stayed over night in a home,where because of bandit attacks on the family and the uncertainty of the present, all had become Christians, the only ones in the village. They are among the most earnest, and consecrated that I know. It is true of the whole family. Crowds were there all day and the visit with the family went far into the night so we had little sleep. The second day until afternoon, when we left Chu Mao, there was a continuous preaching service. We were a bit weary when we got into the big open cart drawn by two oxen which were to take us to KuHsein.

I can only mention this place. It is a growing, wide awake church in a large market center. It is entirely self supporting. Several prosperous business men are giving a full

tenth and they plan to buy a large building to remodel into a church.One man has set aside several shares of stock in a fertilizer company and these earnings go to the church. What a big welcome meeting they had for our party with music, speeches, tea and cakes in abundance. We were royally entertained throughout that week but even that memory is far outdone by the memory of the rich, spiritual fellowship. Many are just real vessels of God, chosen and purified for His service and it was an inspiration just to be with them. One man and wife I must mention. He was an opium-eating gambler and sold steamed bread in a gambling place. He was converted and completely freed from these vices. He goes back there to preach. His wife was, for years, demon possessed; she too, is a Spirit-filled leader. Mr Li's testimony is telling and powerful for he has been redeemed from the depths and they all know it. Fortunately our party was large as we had services in the street chapel and also for Christians, only in another place,making six services each day.

Soldiers came to escort us to the next place! The son of the leading Christian is a local official ruling five or six villages. They are quite well off and have their own soldiers.After five days here we had a long bus ride back to Tsingtao. It was the last of May. Spring had fully come and the wisteria, with its long purple blossoms, was beautiful.

After three days, a trip to the extreme west coast, where the sea in long arms reaches far inland, was a fitting close for our year of travel. This was unmentionable and the springless cart surely rivalled any bucking broncho in its attempts to unseat its riders. We preferred walking but as the luggage was on the back, as soon as we got off, the rigid shafts flew up making it impossible for the mule to pull it. So we bumped on. At five o'clock we reached a good sized town not far from our destination. As the carter was not familiar with the road the rest of the way, he literally dumped us, bag and baggage, by thd roadside. Fortunately there was a Luthern chapel there. The others went on but I stayed until the next morning when two Christians brought a tiny - but mighty - donkey for me to ride the five li.

Again, to my great joy, I had the Bible class in John. Because our time was short we met three times a day. This group was the most advanced I had taught. Of all parts of the work I enjoy teaching the Bible most. One day such a funny thing happened. With three Biblewomen I went down to the shore to see where, by evaporation of great ponds of sea water, great quantities of salt are produced. A boat, with what seemed to be fish, came from the sea into the mouth of the river. Miss Wang called and waved to them,"Come on! we will buy your fish." We waited trying to catch the quick mud crabs and then she called again. The boat went farther out to sea and we went home.That night they called a special guard from the Bible class as bandits were reported. The next morning they laughingly told us that we were the cause of the bandits not coming!This was the amazing story.The bandits had been in that boat with captives under a white cover - what we had thought to be fish. They told at a neighboring village that four officials, persons wearing long garments had waved and called for them and that changed their intention to come to that place. Women in that country wear trousers and long blouses;the men wear very few of the customary long garments in the country ordinarily. We were as usual wearing long black silk skirts and short blouses. Thus, by our garments,we had been taken for officials and our call for fish for a desire to catch the men in the boat. So, innocently we saved them from the bandits!

Over the hills to a group who have been Christians but a few months we went. They insisted on providing the food for us for one whole day and all our protests were in vain. Here we had such feasts on big hard-shelled crabs, nautilis, clams and many new kinds of fish, right out of the sea into the frying-pan. We felt consoled for the bumps! Our last two days were in a place recently opened up to the gospel by the Korean missionary in this section. The work could not be followed up and thirty families had gone into the Catholic church. Two days brought me back home, traveling by barrow, changing mules twice and then by bus.

This was the last of our scheduled trips. Since September eleventh until June eleventh I had lived continuously in the country except for a total of thirty nine days,

spread out over intervals often, two or three days at a time. We had travelled by the ways I have mentioned nearly three thousand li, over nine hundred English miles, and set up housekeeping in twenty villages for from three days to a month at a time. That does not count walking to the nearby villages from each stopping place. These numbers I can safely give. To estimate spiritual results in numbers is not easy. We've had wonderful blessing for which His name gets the glory and the results are in His records. I can testify to the sheer joy of all and I still wonder that this joy is given to me.

The report for the year would not be complete without examinations.For the work done in the Bible, Wen-li and Bible memory work the language committee gave me credit for the fourth year's work. You may imagine my relief that that much is over. This was closely followed by the biennial meeting of the Shantung Mission. I close with a word of praise. Through a strenuous, busy year I have been kept, in the midst of much possibility of disease, even from a cold and passed my physical examination the day after the language exam. It has been a year of greatest joy and happiness and one for which I am truly grateful. My home,in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chandler,is no small blessing. They have been just lovely to me in every way and Mrs. Chandler has done so much in my absence for me. I am still eating Chinese food and thriving on it and still wear Chinese clothes in the country. In it all I gratefully bow to give the glory to Him who promises to be always with us.

Now you know all about me -- too much -- and you each one owe me a letter.Please let me know all about you. I am still counting on your prayers. Please pray that we may be open channels for His use and that a new power of the Holy Spirit may mark this coming year's work. I plead again, China needs your prayers.